

The **American Legion** *Weekly*



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*What's Wrong With War
Risk?*

The Trail of the Rose

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What's Wrong with War Risk?

Red Tape and Blunders Have Shaken Faith—But
Hope Lies in Basic Value of Government Insurance

By MARQUIS JAMES

This is the first of two articles dealing with a government department in which nearly four million men have lost faith. THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY has conducted an investigation of the War Risk Insurance Bureau and, notwithstanding lack of cooperation and even opposition from interested officials, is able to present in this issue the reasons for that widespread loss of faith.

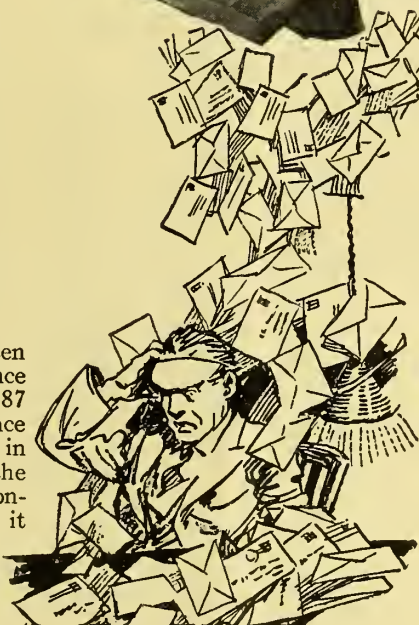
Reforms that are necessary to restore faith will be considered in the second article; for with all its faults of red tape, incompetence and unprecedented growth, War Risk Insurance is too valuable to be turned in with rifles, packs and mess kits.

OF THE 4,539,048 policies written under the War Risk Insurance Act, some 3,948,000, or about 87 per cent of the whole, have lapsed since the armistice. That is the situation in the face of the constant efforts of the bureau to persuade the veteran to continue his insurance and convert it into permanent government insurance, of which six different policies are issued, similar in form and benefits to those of the old line companies.

The bureau has issued a great deal of literature in its campaign to stem the tide of lapsations and induce the veteran who has let his insurance go to seek reinstatement. The national administration is lending a hand. Carter Glass, Secretary of the Treasury, has contributed this sentiment, which appeared on the cover of one of the bureau's booklets, entitled, "Don't Fall Behind":

"There should be a feeling of special pride in the ownership of a War Risk Insurance contract, since only those who served in active duty during the recent emergency are entitled to hold it."

On top of this the veteran is assured that War Risk Insurance is the cheapest and best in the world. Those who are deaf to arguments in their own behalf are



A filing system of War Risk Insurance holders containing 4,500,000 names started in these three trays when twenty clerks tried to do the work of two hundred and the machine jammed.

abjured to think of "the loved ones at home" and make provision for their maintenance.

It is stating nothing new or surprising to say these arguments do not make much of an impression on the ex-service man. His faith in War Risk Insurance has been destroyed. Among veterans the name has become a by-word for an uncertain promise. An illustration of this appeared, perhaps quite unconsciously, in the *New York Times* recently. A reporter was telling some patients in the

Fort McHenry Hospital, at Baltimore, about the advantages of government vocational training for disabled veterans. The men were dubious.

"Sounds like War Risk," one remarked. Anything that "sounds like War Risk" doesn't sound very good to the former service man, and that is one of the reasons why 87 per cent of them pulled out soon after discharge when the amount for premiums no longer automatically was deducted from their monthly pay.

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY has sought an explanation of this situation. It has studied the War Risk Insurance Bureau in an effort to answer these questions:

1. Is War Risk insurance a good thing?
2. Are the affairs of the bureau being competently administered?
3. Should the faith of the veteran be restored in War Risk Insurance, and should he be urged to keep up his insurance, and, if he has fallen behind, pay up, convert and carry as much insurance as he can afford?

Our answer to the first and third questions is: Yes.

Regarding the second question this may be said: The bureau's affairs have not been competently administered in the past; and R. G. Cholmeley-Jones, the present director, has not seen fit to give the WEEKLY sufficient figures from his records to enable it to frame an unqualified answer as to the efficiency of the present administration, which dates back to last May. Undoubtedly progress is being made, however, and a situation that once was the despair of the Treasury Department is slowly clearing.

But War Risk Insurance is good insurance. It is what the Government says it is: the cheapest insurance in the world, and as good as the best. Assuming the Sweet bill shortly will become a law, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY endorses the arguments of the Secretary of the Treasury and the Director of the Bureau, that every veteran whose insurance has lapsed should reinstate himself at once, convert his insurance within five years, and carry as much as he can. It is a duty he owes his family, and, furthermore, as a business proposition the new government insurance is going to be hard to beat.

Two things seem to be responsible for

the veterans' neglect of his insurance: First, his lack of confidence in anything associated with the name of War Risk Insurance; and second, the psychological situation which invests the sudden release of four and a half million men from the tumultuous occupations of military and naval service to civilian pursuits.

The veteran's lack of faith in the bureau is the product of his own experience, the experience of his buddies and the general hearsay arising therefrom.

IN TENS of thousands of cases the bureau has failed to pay allotments and allowances made by soldiers in the field and sailors with the fleet, and the men's families have suffered in consequence. Then, too, much money has been erroneously paid out to persons not entitled to receive it. Premiums have been reported unpaid when they have been paid. Men have submitted their complaints in writing, or have written to the bureau in an effort to adjust complications regarding their own case, or to request information, and their letters have lain long unanswered. I have in mind a letter written in August to try to clear up a situation arising from the fact that the bureau wrote a man that he had paid no premiums since March, when in point of fact he had paid promptly every month. By the middle of October no reply had been received to this letter, although in September the request was repeated and a copy of the original letter re-sent.

Frequently when the belated replies do come they are useless form letters, which have no bearing on the question asked. The records of the bureau are still in such a state that prompt, intelligent or satisfactory replies to inquiries often are difficult to obtain.

The story of the dispiriting delays which crippled men have had to bear before they could collect their disability compensation would fill a book that would be a poor tribute to the efficiency of the War Risk Insurance Bureau. These men frequently have been abandoned for months, totally without support from the Government, before they collected the awards they had every right to expect would be forthcoming as soon as they were discharged from the hospital. Such men often relinquished their insurance.

Naturally, officials of the bureau prefer to believe the "psychological situation" is the principal cause for lapsations. It is true that on discharge the majority of men were not properly advised as to the desirability of continuing insurance and how to go about it to do it. That task was delegated to army and navy officers, who, in the rush of discharge details, had many other things to think about. There was not enough personal or individual contact.

RELIANCE was placed upon the distribution of informative literature, or on lectures on insurance, some of which were delivered to thousands of men at a time. The men themselves were not in a receptive mood. Home was the big idea. Outside the demobilization cantonment buildings the ground was lit-

tered with thousands of circulars thrown away unread. Men slept through the lectures.

Army and navy officers tolerated this situation. They were as anxious as anybody to get it over with, and few of them seemed to grasp the full meaning and value of the insurance. The men were young, and the irresponsibility of youth was augmented by the general reaction which followed the removal of disciplinary restrictions. Their futures were not clearly defined. In the service they were kept too busy to plan ahead much, and their insurance was kept up as a matter of payroll routine. Many men had no taste for immediate employment. They wanted to go home and "rest up," sleep in a bed, eat from a plate and talk to the folks. Besides, the war was over and they had come through. The insurance question was not a burning issue, and the premiums went unpaid.

The present jumbled condition of the bureau records may be traced directly to the confusion which possessed everything during the first weeks of the bureau's history. On October 6, 1917, the War Risk Insurance Act, a legislators' dream, became a law. Three weeks later the War Risk Insurance Bureau theoretically went into existence, shouldering without organization, personnel, preparation or precedent a task which staggers the imagination. The result was chaos.

APPPLICATIONS poured in from the ends of the earth before the bureau was anything but a name. About twenty clerks toiled amid the paper cloud-burst in one room in the basement of the National Museum. The office equipment consisted of a few borrowed tables and chairs. Stacks of applications soon reached the ceilings. Records were impossible.

Fifteen thousand employes, working on night and day shifts and occupying the whole of one eleven-story building and overflowing into two other buildings, now are endeavoring to untangle some of the knots which tied themselves when twenty men commenced a task to which 200 should have been assigned.

The War Risk Insurance Bureau experienced a growth which would have taxed the most elastic and efficiently constructed insurance organizations in the world. In less than one year it came to embrace four of the largest businesses of their kind in the world.

First.—A marine and seaman's insurance company, doing a total business of \$2,389,541,500, with premiums collected amounting to \$46,848,300; policies issued, 33,365; claims paid, \$23,970,200; and showing a total surplus over expenses of \$17,500,500.

Second.—A banking concern handling 4,391,356 applications for allotments and allowances, and making an expenditure of \$508,000,000.

Third.—An employer's liability company, already paying claims to the extent of \$1,652,200 a month, and having paid burial expenses to the extent of \$1,545,200.

Fourth.—A life insurance company having written 4,539,028 policies, representing a total insurance originally

in force of \$39,669,198,000, with premiums collected to January 1, 1919, \$200,000,000 and claims payable to the extent of \$1,010,265,000.

TO these proportions leaped the institution which started on a shoestring in a basement less than two years ago. And bear in mind, it started without organization or adequate provision therefor, in the middle of a war of which it was only a side issue, and while the vision of the country was focused on our teeming camps at home and the distant battlefields, where the scale of victory hesitated in the balance, awaiting America's men.

One of the foremost authorities on War Risk Insurance in Congress told the writer, that when the act was passed it was estimated that twenty-five per cent



of the men going in the service would take out insurance. Whatever led the Congressman to assume that so many men would go to war and leave their families without this protection is hard to say, especially in the light of what happened. Nearly ninety per cent of the men took insurance, and the policies averaged around \$8,700. Hindsight, of course, frequently is more accurate than foresight.

The bureau has had to answer for the blunders of army and navy officials in whose hands was placed the task of initiating the applications for compensation and insurance and forwarding them to Washington. Examination of reports on the history of the early months of the bureau reveals that much difficulty may be traced to the camps where the individual forms were filled out.

Insurance officers usually were without previous experience in that work, and theirs was a tremendous job. They wrote \$15,000,000,000 worth of insurance in six months, an underwriting accomplishment without parallel in history. They

worked under high pressure and made mistakes. Delay in forwarding allotment applications from camps is responsible for many cases of tardy receipt of awards by dependents, and sometimes this was the reason why dependents never received allotments at all.

Take one case where four months elapsed between the filling out of applications and their arrival in Washington, where it was found that some forms had been made out improperly. Meantime organizations had been split up and some of the men dispatched overseas. The war was over before new applications could reach them.

In another instance the dependent relatives of the enlisted men of the Forty-first Division, with the exception of the artillery brigade, were more than six months without their allotments and allowances through the negligence of a staff officer. The enlisted strength of the division, 23,000 men, made out their applications in the United States in November, 1917, and sailed for France shortly thereafter. When the divisional records were opened overseas among them were found the 23,000 applications. They were sent to the Paris office of the bureau, and, after another long wait were relayed to Washington, arriving the last day of April, 1918. Meantime families of these men had not received a cent.

THE bureau was supposed to keep posted on the changes in size of the personnel of every dependent family, and regulate the government allowance accordingly. If a man had a wife and no child, it was \$15 a month; if he had a wife and one child, \$25; no wife but two children \$12.50; and so on. These changes in family status, due to births and deaths, totalled 200,000 a month, and added further complication to the muddled records.

Duplication of names was a source of endless irritation. There were, for instance, fifty-two John J. O'Briens making allotments, fourteen of them to wives named Mary. Situations like this welcomed the advent of serial numbers.

So much to convey an idea as to the enormity of the difficulties which have beset the bureau. The case is not analogous to that of the Federal Board for Vocational Education, which had six months to prepare for a task that was simplicity itself compared to the insurance job, and then failed so utterly. Before the bureau actually was created its task had overwhelmed it.

While many of its early mistakes may have been humanly impossible to avoid, the bureau has blundered since, when it should and could have done better. Alibis have their limit, as most ex-service men have reason to know. It is common knowledge in Washington, as it is throughout the country, that the Bureau of War Risk Insurance never has functioned properly and that this charge can lie against it from its very inception. Some of the reasons for this are indicated in this article; particularly the vast and immediate volume of business which was put on the bureau without adequate preparation or organization. Later developments in the affairs of the bureau to a large extent indicate lack of vision on

the part of those in authority and in administration. Particularly was there a most short-sighted policy with regard to arranging the machinery for retaining government insurance as the men in service would be demobilized.

DURING the war, almost without exception, the men in service paid for their insurance through deductions from their pay. When these men went out of service these deductions stopped, and no plan whatever had been arranged for collecting insurance premiums with convenience and without cost to the ex-service man. A plan was tentatively arranged many months ago with the Postoffice Department whereby post-masters throughout the United States would receive insurance premiums



Principal home in Washington of the War Risk Insurance Bureau, which started in a basement room two years ago.



Uncle Sam pleads for ex-service men to hold on to their insurance. The veteran regards the maze of red tape, ignorance and neglect which has surrounded the bureau's affairs and is doubtful.

and transmit them to Washington without expense to the insured. This plan was very simple. It meant that the Bureau of War Risk Insurance would send a premium notice in duplicate to the insured through the mails. The insured would take this card to the postmaster nearest at hand and deliver it with the amount of his premium. The postmaster would separate the duplicate notices, stamp one "Paid" and hand it back to the insured, which would act as his receipt, and mail the other duplicate to the bureau at Washington. The plan could be extended further so that premiums could be paid in exactly the same way to national banks throughout the country.

Governmental red tape, lack of vision, and utter failure to comprehend that the ex-service man would only retain his insurance in proportion to the service which would be rendered to him by his government in connection with such retention, postponed putting this plan into operation, and neither it nor any substitute for it has as yet been deter-

mined by the bureau whereby insurance premiums can be paid conveniently and insurance lapsation consequently reduced to the minimum.

The faults of the bureau in administration of allotments, family allowances, and compensation can be and must be corrected. In the meantime, because of these administrative faults, serious injustices have been done, and in many cases suffering has been entailed for those who served in the war and for their dependents. But in the end the Government will correct, by payment, its errors dealing with matters of compensation, allotments and family allowances. This statement, however, cannot be properly made with regard to government insurance. It is entirely at the option of the man in the service or the ex-service man whether he retains his insurance or permits it to go by the board. The figures prove that he has largely permitted his insurance to lapse, and this is not because the insurance is not good, for it is the best in the world, and not because

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RANGERS OF THE HIGH SEAS

Capturing Derelicts, Hunting Icebergs, Saving Lives
Are Just Routine to Tars of America's Coast Guard

By ROGER WILLIAM RIIS

THE sea does not tell its own stories. Nor do heroes. So for years deeds of valor and sacrifice that would color the pages of America's history have lain misplaced in the dull pages of the annual reports of the Coast Guard.

The Coast Guard has meant little that is romantic to the average American because it has had no lyricist to sing its songs.

Its achievements, put statistically, are imposing. From 1914 to 1917 the Coast Guard saved 4,880 lives and \$36,000,000 in property. The figures tell as little of the gallantry, the fearlessness and the suffering that has followed the red and white striped flag of the Coast Guard as a casualty list told of what lay behind the smoke screen of battle.

To rescue a ship in distress is, in the language of the Guard, a "simple" matter, because there are men on board the distressed ship to handle the line. But when it comes to derelicts, those deadly and often unseen menaces of the high seas, there is another story to tell. A derelict is an abandoned ship, sometimes in good condition and floating high, sometimes completely awash with nothing but the stump of a mast showing, and sometimes bottom up. They spell wreck and disaster to the ship that runs on them in the night. Since the Coast Guard has been at work, two hundred and seventy-nine of these dangerous wrecks have been removed from the sea lanes. If they are worth saving, the cutters tow them to the nearest port; if not, they are blown up.

IN January, 1915, a big derelict was reported bottom up eighty-five miles north by east of Diamond Shoals lightship. The cutter *Seminole* picked up the wireless sent out by the ship that found the derelict and at once made for the spot. Even with latitude and longitude given, a derelict with only the keel showing is difficult to find in the ocean, but the *Seminole* finally located the wreck, the *Frank E. Swain*. The sea was calm, and the crew proceeded to set up a jury rig on the derelict to aid in towing her into Lynnhaven Bay, Virginia.

Good progress was made, and it began to look like a simple affair till the two ships reached soundings in shallow water near the coast. Then the anchor of the derelict, which was hanging from the inverted deck, caught on the bottom, and the hulk stuck fast. A boat's crew from the cutter fixed a mine to the offending anchor chain and



The treacherous mountains of ice which drift down to threaten ships.

exploded it, but still the chain held. This was tried again, but with no success. The captain tried another trick; he ordered the cutter full speed ahead, thinking the jerk as she picked up the slack of the tow-rope would tear the derelict loose. Instead, it nearly tore the cleats out of the cutter.

One more scheme remained. Drawing off a little way, the Guards' vessel opened fire on the hulk with her six-pound guns. The captain believed if the air imprisoned under the bottom could be released the wreck would sink. Shell after shell tore jagged holes in the hull, but still she would not go down, for the cargo was of lumber and not yet waterlogged.

All this had occupied several days, and the *Seminole* found herself forced to put back into port for supplies. The *Itasca* relieved her and took charge of the wreck. Night

was coming on, and it became necessary, now that the derelict was so near the coast, to put a light on her. This was no easy matter, because the sea, which seems always to produce a storm when the Guard is at work, was

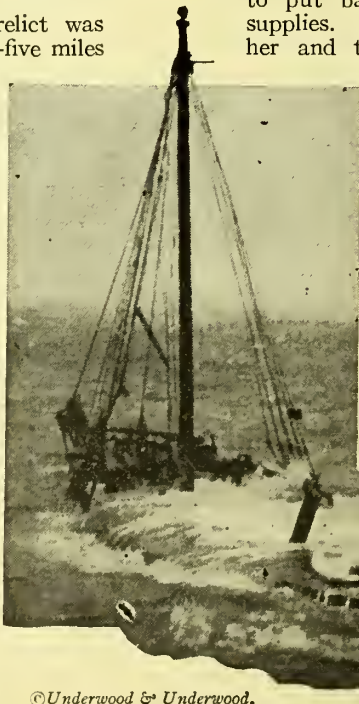
rising and breaking over the keel, that at best projected only a few feet above the water. A crew rowed over to it and pulled in as close as possible. Seizing a moment when the hulk was above water, an officer and an enlisted man leaped from the boat to the slippery bottom, where they clung precariously while a rolling sea swept over them. It was in January,

when the water was freezing cold. Working frantically between submersions, the two men erected a spar and made fast a storm lantern above the reach of the seas. They were then dragged back aboard the boat, numb and stiff with the cold. But the derelict had a light on her, and passing ships were in no danger from her that night.

The next day, after several attempts, the anchor chain was shattered by a mine, and the stubborn wreck was at last towed into port.

CAPE HATTERAS, the great projecting headland of North Carolina, is the worst spot on the North American coast for sailing ships. Something in the formation of the land in the interior back of the cape scoops in all the winds in that region and sends them whirling out over the cape and to sea. After each big gale the resources of the Coast Guard are taxed to the uttermost to gather in the wrecks, which, if not picked up before they drift out of the Gulf Stream, follow an irregular and devious course, and get into the path of Atlantic shipping. It was Cape Hatteras that was responsible for the case of the Brazilian bark *Nepthis* three years ago.

It was a week before Christmas. The crew of the *Seneca*, one of the most famous cutters of the Guard, were looking forward to the unusual treat of spending the holidays comfortably in port. But a wireless call told of the bark *Nepthis* in peril. Gone was the hope of a cozy Christmas. The *Seneca*



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The derelict is a deadly and often unseen menace of the sea.

put to sea. The crew of the *Nepthis* stood by their ship while the cutter made its way out to them, but finally abandoned her at noon of the twenty-second. The merchant seamen thought their ship beyond saving. Not so the Coast Guard.

After a long search, the *Seneca* found the derelict, making fairly good weather of a driving southern storm. A boat was launched, but the seas were so high as to compel its return. Through the night of the twenty-second the cutter hove to and in the morning again located the wreck, which had drifted away to the northward.

During the dark hours she had shipped much water and now had a thirty degree list to port. The gale was rising, and all that day and the following night the cutter stood by, waiting for a chance to make fast. On the morning of the twenty-fourth wind and sea went down a bit and a ten-inch line was carried to the *Nepthis*. For the next twenty-four hours the *Seneca* towed slowly, making the three knots an hour which is the average in such cases.

Christmas Eve passed while the wind swung around through the east and settled into the northwest. Christmas Day dawned on a mad wilderness of racing combers and driving snow, worse than ever. The tower and the towed got "out of step," as the sailors say; they no longer rose and fell together on the swells. As a result, the hawser chafed through against the side of the barge, the derelict broke away and swung beam on to the storm, and the labor of three days was lost in the passing of a moment.

Thus the two ships drifted back into the southeast at nearly three knots an hour. The seas were breaking over the *Nepthis* and it began to look as though she would founder. Desperate attempts were made to send a buoyed line down to her, which is of all feats in handling derelicts the most difficult, for the line must be maneuvered and made fast on the wreck without the aid of anyone on the wreck. After five hours of what even the cutter's captain admits was "most discouraging labor," made triply difficult by the bitter cold, a line was floated across and secured, and again the tow started. It was slow work, but this time the Guard triumphed, and by noon of the twenty-sixth the hulk was brought safely into New York and turned over to her grateful owners.

THE Coast Guard has only twenty-two cruising cutters and twenty-five smaller ships. The size of the ships that dare any storm can be learned from the dimensions of the biggest, the *Androscoggin*, which displaces 1,600 tons,

measures 210 feet overall, and has a 35-foot beam. Annually the Guard appeals to Congress for bigger appropriations to bring its equipment up to date, and annually Congress refuses the request, modest though it is. Possibly there are too many representatives in Congress from the inland states, which do not appreciate the value of the Coast Guard's work. If they did, it is inconceivable

to snatch a human life from their jealous grasp—no room here, where a slip means death, for anything but the coolest heads, the quickest muscles, the most dauntless courage.

Endless yarns could be spun of these hardy seamen. "There's not much to choose between them," ruminated an old master-at-arms on the *Seneca* when asked recently for some stories of his career.

There are so many. There is the *Seneca's* three day and four night vigil by the dismasted ship *Svaland*, wrecked in the icefields off Cape Breton, which ended

only when the cutter succeeded in floating a line over to the *Svaland's* exhausted crew after the two ships had drifted a hundred and sixty miles. There is the rescue of the *T. W. Dunn*, whose decks had collapsed under a load of waterlogged lumber. There is the *Warren Adams*, picked up by the *Itasca* in a December gale with her decks awash and only her foremast standing; four volunteers spent five days aboard her and finally brought her into port. There is the cutter *Tampa's* feat in riding out a tropical hurricane by using a derelict as a sea anchor to keep her head on to the mountainous seas. There is the epic cruise of the cutter *Bear*, which has saved more lives in Alaskan waters than the United States fleet destroyed at the battle of Santiago.

And there are grim tales of the North Atlantic Ice Patrol. Since the *Titanic* struck an iceberg and went down with the greatest loss of life ever known

in a maritime disaster, two cutters of the Coast Guard have cruised off the Grand Banks from February, when the ice begins to come down from the North, till mid July, when the last of it has disappeared in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. The cost of the patrol is shared by all the maritime nations in proportion to their shipping. One cutter is on duty while the other is in Halifax provisioning.

It is their task to chart the course of every berg and every ice field in its drift toward the steamship lanes, and three times a day to send out this information by wireless. Day after day of bleak, weary work this is, when storm follows storm with fiendish continuity, while the only shelter is in the lee of a heaving ice field. Yet now and again a derelict or a storm-tossed ship appears and brings the spice of danger to relieve the dull monotony of the regular work. Testimonials of the value of the patrol are held by the dozen in the archives of the Guard, but most cherished among them are the words of the French Govern-

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**The land branch
of the service has a
record of fearlessness
and invariable success.**

that they could refuse to support it.

Curiously enough, the Coast Guard is under the Treasury Department. This probably is because it was the first Secretary of the Treasury who, in 1790, recommended the creation of a Revenue Cutter Service to aid at sea in collecting the country's revenues. Until 1915, the service worked hand in glove with the Life Saving Service, the beach guards; and four years ago the two branches were combined, because of the similarity of much of their work. The resulting combination was called the Coast Guard.

The landsman who sits by his cozy fire and listens to the storm outside may well ask, "What do these men get out of their work? Why be in the Coast Guard?" The answer is cryptic. What do they get? Health? Yes, but no more than the merchant sailors. Wealth? By no means. Ease and comfort? Not a sign of them. Then what? Ask a man whose business is philosophy; he may know. Or better, talk to the Coast Guard. What do they get? The shriek of the gale, the hiss and sting of driven spume, the towering rise and mad crash of breakers, and the foiling of them all



THE EDITORIAL P.C.

POLICIES—NOT POLITICS



For "America First"

THE stage is set for the National Convention of the American Legion at Minneapolis on Monday of week after next. All physical arrangements for the meeting have been cared for. All the delegates are ready to entrain. Information on any and every subject that may come up has been compiled for the handy reference of the Legion's representatives. Copies of all bills proposing national legislation of interest to those formerly in service have been arranged for.

The eyes of the country are on Minneapolis. When the elected representatives of the million members and four million potential members of this largest and most truly American group assemble in the convention hall it might properly be said, paraphrasing Napoleon, that all generations of America will look upon them.

No more solemn duty in the interest of their country ever rested upon the delegates than will fall upon them at Minneapolis. In these days, when selfish interest is banded into clans for profiteering piracy without any thought for the rights of the majority, the hope of the country lies in the splendid Americanism of this greatest of all clans. While they are not going to be unmindful of their own rights and interests the members of this organization will be tempered in their actions by sanity and unselfish integrity. If they have any demands to make, these demands will be based on equity.

No one can foresee what The American Legion will do on this issue or that. Prophecy would be foolhardy. These men are but lately returned from service. They returned with quickened minds and keener powers of perception. They found new conditions, and they saw the old conditions of existence in a new and clearer perspective. What their reactions have been and will be, Minneapolis alone can reveal after November 11.

No doubt the Legion members will have a word of advice to offer the Government on pending legislation, affecting not only the interests of the men and women who were in service but the interests of the 100,000,000 people who are America. Whatever this advice may be—whether it relate to beneficial soldier laws or the future military policy of the country—it will be valuable advice.

There is no organization so truly representative of the entire United States as The American Legion. Its members are from every class. Geographically the membership takes in every state, territory, county, city and township. Those who are its members were taken in equal proportion from those districts for service during the war. Maine at one extreme of the Atlantic Coast has 8,000 members, Florida has 6,000. On the other coast California has 20,000 members, Oregon 10,000. Minnesota has more than 35,000, Arizona more than 3,000, New York more than 85,000. Nevada, the smallest state in number of men in service, has nearly 1,000 members. So the Legion's voice truly reflects every part of America. The views of every section and of every class will be heard on every subject that is brought before the convention for consideration.

One thing is assured. The thought, "America first" will be kept in the foreground and not relegated to the background. In that thought the organized men and women who were in service have a common ideal and rallying point which circumstances cannot alter.

Post the Slackers

WHILE alien slackers who renounced their American citizenship to escape military service have been listed and classified and their deportation will be insisted upon by The American Legion, other varieties of alien slackers must not be lost sight of. It possibly is not practicable to deport them all. Their numbers reach into the tens of thousands, and in many instances they are protected by treaty rights. Since they never swore allegiance to the United States their conduct was somewhat less reprehensible than our own American slackers. Certainly they are not to be compared with the first-paper slackers, who are the most undesirable class next to alien enemies—and they must go.

But there is a stigma upon the whole tribe of alien slackers. In deporting the first-paper slackers we must mete out proportionate punishment to the others.

The Lufkin bill (H.R. 9416) now before Congress, in addition to deporting the first-paper slackers, would deny citizenship to the others for a period of five years. This is inadequate. So long as they are permitted to enjoy the benefits of living in America, withholding of citizenship would concern them very little. The law should provide that their names be listed and the lists published and posted in the communities wherein they live; and they should be totally disqualified for citizenship. This as a minimum penalty. The Legion's views in this respect have been transmitted to Congress through the Legislative Committee. No doubt the convention will have something to add, covering the whole subject of alien slackers.

German Opera

GERMAN opera in the German language is not going to be a profitable enterprise in the United States this year. The American Legion, in sections where German opera has been attempted, has elected to fight this nuisance to the limit. Without going into a lot of detail it might be said simply that we do not like the sound of the German gutturals. The trouble with German opera in German is that our minds hear not the theme so much as the shrieks of the *Lusitania's* dying. Its measured cadences picture not tender human emotions but a firing squad marching at the goose step upon defenseless women and children. If it conjures up sequestered sylvan glades, we see lying thereon the moaning victims of poison gas.

The last German opera in German we heard or want to hear was the Imperial German Swan Song as rendered by Herr Hohenzollern, November 11, 1918.

Division Commanders in New Roles



Major General Frank L. Winn, who commanded the Eighty-ninth Division, is now Colonel Winn, Thirty-ninth Infantry, Ft. McIntosh, Tex.



Recruiting duty in Chicago is the new assignment of Colonel C. H. Martin, former major general in command of the Ninetieth Division.



The Fourth Division was commanded by Major General Mark L. Hersey, but it is Colonel Hersey now, General Staff College, Washington, D. C.



As a major general? William H. Johnston commanded the Ninety-first Division. Now he is a colonel in command of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, El Paso, Tex.



Robert Alexander rose from private to major general in command of the Seventy-seventh Division, but is a colonel now, assigned to Camp Mills, N. Y.



Major General Edmund Wittenmyer was in command of the Seventh Division but now is a colonel at Western Department Headquarters, San Francisco, Cal.

Rhymes of War and Peace

The War's Scenarios

I once topped the list as a screen dramatist,
And my plots they were brave and bold;
But pshaw! since I've pranced o'er the fields of France,
I know that my best is "cold!"
I've mixed in the muss with a blunderbuss
And a bayonet edged and keen,
While the blood under feet, in the Argonne wheat,
Was thick—but we licked 'em-clean!

I used to go wild and my screen brain child
Contained what I thought was "punch."
But I knew they were "shines" when I saw twenty Heins
Bumped off by one Yank in a bunch!
I saw things every day that if put in a play
For the movie fans to admire
Would make 'em cry "Fake!"—but I've made many a break
Through many a woods, under fire!

I've seen one long Marine with no hat on his bean,
Go tearing across the Hun line,
And all by himself put ten on the shelf
And bring back two guns and a Hein!
The plots we unfurled have startled the world,
Why, the old serial thrills are "the bunk"
'Sides the places I've been and the plots I've been in—
Gee—I know now my "drama" was "punk"!

RUSSELL E. SMITH

Hell and Hikin'

Buddie, roll your dirty pack,
Sling your load upon your back,
Hit the bloody trail as day is dawnin',
Hold your distance in the files,
Never mind the weary miles,
Here's for Hell and Hikin' in the mornin'.
Here's for Hell and Hikin'
Where the hail of Hate is strikin',
Here's for Hell and Hikin' in the mornin'.

Tighten up your shoulder strap,
Tear the distance off the map,
Listen to the Heavies' happy warnin',
Rumble on!—it does us good.
Send the Hun his iron food,
Here's for Hell and Hikin' in the mornin'.
Here's for Hell and Hikin',
Neither one we're likin',
But here's for Hell and Hikin' in the mornin'.

Buddie, have you got a drink?
Canteen smells of old vin blink.
Here's good luck—"The land that you were born in!"
War's a dirty, rotten mess—
Walkin', mostly, more or less,
Here's for Hell and Hikin' in the mornin'.
Here's for Hell and Hikin'
Where the hail of Hate is strikin',
Here's for Hell and Hikin' in the mornin'.

Days like these won't come again—
Marchin' days for martial men—
Hours that our hearts and souls are torn in,
Never mind the shrapnel's scream,
War is but a dizzy dream,
Here's for Hell and Hikin' in the mornin'.
Here's for Hell and Hikin',
Neither one we're likin',
Here's for Hell and Hikin' in the mornin'.

WILLIAM V. V. STEPHENS

Shopping

Wrap up a hat, size five or eight, or even nine will do,
And in the package you can put a nine or ten size shoe;
I need some collars, belt and socks and sev'ral shirts and such,
It makes no dif'rence just how large—it doesn't matter
much.
Take down that coat and pair of pants, I'll need them in a
day.
You say the pants don't match the coat? I'll take them
anyway.
What's that you ask? You think I'm queer? Oh, no, just
this, you see,
For twenty months an army sergeant clothed and fitted me.

HENRY SUCHER.

Day Dreams

I wonder, is that foot-worn path
Along the prison fence,
That I patrolled in days of old,
Receiving vigilance?

I wonder if the moon reflects
The sentry's reverie,
And mirrors there his damsel fair,
As once it did for me.

What Will the Veterans Do?

Only Delegates to Legion Convention at Minneapolis
Can Tell, and They Haven't Spoken Yet:

OUT in St. Louis, while the American Legion was holding the American counterpart to the Paris caucus, Bill McNutt found an old-line politician one night who was nursing an indigo-blue grouch, and the burden of his gloomy tale was this:

"They ain't nobody got anybody lined up for nothing. They ain't nobody to see on anything, an' if you do see somebody it don't do you no good 'cause they can't do anything for you. So I'm goin' home. Good-night!"

If all the politicians, lobbyists, special-interest seekers, dark-horse grooms, would-be exploiters, cranks and what-not who are trying to get an idea of what the million ex-service men and women whose delegates will be in Minneapolis on November 10, 11 and 12 are going to do, could find that fellow now and ask him the question that's in their hearts and on their lips, they might not get any information but they certainly would get the truth. He undoubtedly would say very frankly.

"You can search me. I don't know."

Only the delegates representing the million actual members of The American Legion and their four million former comrades in arms can answer that question, and they haven't told anybody yet. It might be well, by way of explanation, however, to paraphrase that disappointed St. Louis politician's remarks and apply them again to Minneapolis. Nobody will have anybody "lined up" for anything or anybody. There will be nobody to "see" for anything or anybody. And if anybody pretends otherwise he might better engage in the goldbrick business, for his victims will be as keenly disappointed. Which disposes of that matter entirely.

IT is entirely fitting, on the other hand, to say that many issues of national concern will be discussed at the Legion's convention; issues of vital interest not only to all ex-service men and women but also to the country at large; that whatever is the decision of the convention on these matters will be the will of the million members of the Legion and of nobody else; and that anyone, whether he be a member of the Legion or not, who tries to effect things otherwise, most certainly will get his fingers burned, not to speak about any other parts of his anatomy.

One of the leading subjects undoubtedly will be what may be generally termed soldier beneficial legislation. It has been understood, at least tacitly, that Congress will delay action on several important measures in this category so that its leaders may have the benefit of the suggestion and counsel of The American Legion. The particular form that such legislation will take will not be

marine the full measure of the benefits which the country intended should be his for his service in time of need. Undoubtedly the convention will have considerable to say regarding the future of these two important functions.

What shall be the future military policy of the United States is another question upon which the views of those who served and fought in the greatest of all wars are awaited not only by Congress but by the entire country. It is reasonable to expect that their opinion on this subject will have appreciable weight with those who are framing national military legislation. What shall our army be? Shall there be universal military training? If so, what kind of training and whose training shall it be? Least of all, perhaps, it is possible to diagnose the veteran's thoughts on these questions.

ALREADY many of The American Legion posts in widely separated sections of the country have interested themselves in the great question of the alien in our midst. In some parts of the country it has taken the form of direct action against Bolshevik and "Red" demonstrations. Elsewhere specific German propaganda, such as the attempt to revive German opera this season and the publication of German war writings, have been the targets of the Legion's work.

Aside from these specific cases, however, there remains the broad, general subject of alien assimilation, Americanization, restriction of undesirables and deportation of those already here. It is probable that out of the convention will grow a suggestion for a comprehensive Americanization plan in which The American Legion may participate to the betterment of all the

citizens of the United States. It is also certain that definite action will be recommended toward defeating the activities of those who would overturn the Government and substitute Bolshevism and anarchy.

It has become more and more apparent recently that the convention will also determine the question of what restrictions, if any, shall be placed upon the participation of officers of The American Legion in partisan politics. This subject has been discussed in many Legion posts, and some have taken a decided

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Members of The American Legion and their families who go to Minneapolis will secure reduced-rate tickets on the basis of one and one-third the round-trip fare from local ticket agents upon the presentation of certificates of identification, which have been issued to local posts of the Legion through the state branches. Tickets will be good on the same route in both directions.

Upon arrival in Minneapolis, delegates and visiting members will have their tickets validated from November 7 to 17, inclusive, by agents at the regular ticket offices. When validated, the tickets will be good for return, leaving Minneapolis only on date of validation, and passengers must reach their original starting points not later than midnight of November 20, except those from Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, and El Paso, Texas, whose tickets will have a return limit of November 24.

For the territory east of and including Chicago and St. Louis and north of the Ohio and Potomac rivers, tickets will be placed on sale at local ticket offices from November 4 to 10, inclusive. For the territory west of and including Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans, tickets will be sold on the same dates, with the exception of the far western states, where they will be sold from November 1 to 7, inclusive. Tickets from all states in the south, with the exception of Florida, will be placed on sale from November 8 to 9, inclusive. In Florida they will be sold from November 2 to 8, inclusive.

decided until after the Minneapolis convention. And it is safe to assume that the recommendations of the convention will be made with a view to securing what is best for both the ex-service man and the country itself.

The existing governmental agencies which were created to discharge the nation's obligations to its veterans also will be discussed. The American Legion has just completed an investigation of both the Federal Board for Vocational Education and the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, the sole object of which was to secure for the former soldier, sailor or

Soldier and His Home a Problem

Congress Puzzles Over Morgan Bill, Providing for a Loan of \$4,000 to Every Service Man

By CHARLES D. KELLEY

THE diversity of the proposed plans for the welfare of war veterans incorporated in the many bills now before Congress has resulted, so far, in nothing but inertia. Deluged under a cloudburst of farm bills and credit bills, Congress faces the dilemma of choosing that one of the many which most will benefit the soldier and sailor while imposing the least expense on the taxpayer at large.

It is evident that Congress is hesitant about passing the Lane-Mondell bill, which was discussed in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY of August 29. This bill would reclaim some 80,000 farms, mainly from wildernesses. The majority of the Public Lands Committee of the House believe this a sufficient welfare provision. The minority of the committee, on the other hand, is strongly in favor of legislation which will favor the town as well as the country boy. Any attempt to learn from the Congressmen themselves which of the bills is most likely to be passed meets with the following reply:

"What do the veterans themselves want?"

In this connection a scrutiny of the Morgan bill, H. R. 5545, is of interest. It embodies a bold idea, which its author believes would enable 2,000,000 or more Americans to own their own homes. The Morgan bill would not limit government loans to those soldiers who would purchase reclaimed land, as proposed in the Lane-Mondell measure, nor would it limit its benefits to veterans of the late war, as proposed in many bills. It would extend, to veterans of all conflicts in which the United States has engaged, governmental credit to the amount of \$4,000 for the purchase of homes in town, country or wherever the beneficiaries choose.

THE bill, in brief, follows:

Beneficiaries.—Veterans and unmarried widows and minor orphans of all United States wars.

Government Loans.—To any veteran, up to \$4,000 at three and one-half per cent for sixty years, for homes anywhere, and up to \$1,200 at five and one-half per cent for five years for farm machinery. Government to hold mortgages on property, and sell bonds to raise money for loans. No property transferable until fifty per cent paid for, except for unavoidable reasons.

Management.—Board of directors, president to be Secretary of Interior, and four others, two Democrats and two Republicans, appointed by the President at \$7,500 salary. County Board, comprising county-seat postmaster, county agent of Department of Agriculture, and one other appointed by directors. City board in each city of more than 20,000, to have three members appointed by corporation. Boards to appraise each piece of prop-

erty veterans buy to see if worth loan.

Guarantee Fund.—One-half of one per cent of amounts paid in annually by beneficiaries, to be held to bridge over those who, on account of sickness or injury, are unable to meet payments.

Development Projects.—One-fourth of capital to buy up land to be subdivided into farms or city lots, and to build homes for beneficiaries.

Public Lands.—Beneficiaries to be entitled to entry on any public land without payment of fees; Secretary of Interior to use any part of public domain to provide homes.

THE majority of the Public Lands Committee are fearful of the consequence of extending such a vast credit. They say:

"Suppose it were announced tomorrow that the credit of the United States, to the extent of \$20,000,000,000, the aggregate of all four Liberty Loans, was available for this purpose, what would be the effect on the market for country lands? We should witness the wildest orgy of speculation in the history of the world.

"No scheme of official appraisement that could be devised could possibly protect the soldier and the country from imposition in the sale of unfit properties at exorbitant prices. The law of supply and demand itself would go very far to boost land prices out of sight, and that at a time when existing land values are at the highest level in the history of the United States—three times as great as in 1900, nineteen years ago.

"Four million buyers standing in line, scattered over every state and every county, over every city, town and hamlet from Maine to California, from the Lakes to the Gulf, each with spot cash to pay for a property. It staggers the imagination. We reel under the thought of the consequences, even the first consequences, not to think of the ultimate outcome."

However, the committee believes it the duty of Congress to do something, for it adds:

"The proposal to leave the entire question of providing for the soldiers' welfare to private enterprise and capital is, of course, in conflict with what the committee regards as the plain duty of Congress."

IN defense of his bill Mr. Morgan says: "Half our soldiers live in towns and half on farms. Any legislation which benefits a few of either class will not satisfy.

"I propose founding a giant home building and loan association, under the name of the Soldiers', Seamen's Federal Home-Founding Corporation. I would provide a loan up to \$4,000 to

every American war veteran to buy a farm or home. I would loan 100 per cent of the value of the property (limit \$4,000), and let the soldier pick the land or house, subject to government appraisal as to value for mortgaging purposes.

"To lend less than 100 per cent aids the rich soldier, who can raise the balance some place else. To lend the poor boy the whole \$4,000, if that's what his home will cost, is an aid to the poor.

"Speculation may come, but we want the poor boy to be able to take advantage of it as well as the rich.

"If loans are not made up to the appraised value, we virtually will fix a property qualification. The certificate of honorable discharge should be the only qualification required.

"Surely the soldiers who saved this country are entitled to own homes in it, speculation or no speculation, and they are entitled to the aid of the Government in obtaining them.

"Now as to the cost—I would tax the whole people \$100,000 to establish the office machinery, and \$100,000,000 to start the corporation loans going, and tax the nation thereafter for the pay of the men running the corporation.

"There probably would be one official on regular pay in each county, and from one to three in each large city, besides attorneys and clerks.

"But as to the billions necessary to loan the soldiers, the taxpayer would be free of that. The billions needed for loans would be raised by sale of corporation bonds, guaranteed by the Government, and sold at low interest. As fast as the soldiers paid off their loans the money would be used to retire the bonds.

"This would not be donating the doughboy anything. It would not be giving away the taxpayer's money, nor even lending money raised by taxes. It would be lending the credit of the Government."

"The Government had far better merely lend its credit than give away or lend its cash. And the Government can well afford to lend its credit to its soldiers. We lent billions to the Japanese, French, Italians, and English. Let's lend a little credit to our soldiers without homes.

"This money will be used only to buy farms or homes. I calculate it will mean that 2,000,000 men will become homeowners, who otherwise could not. It will encourage agriculture, for it will mean a million more boys to become farm owners. It will reduce farm tenancy. It means 2,000,000 happier men and, therefore, better citizens.

"Through government agency we already lend farmers fifty per cent of the value of a farm and twenty per cent of the value of its improvements, whether they are soldiers or not. Let's do something for the soldier, whether farmer or not. It is just; it is right; it is wise."



The Trail of the Rose

By ROBERT J. CASEY

A HANDKERCHIEF fluttered in a little clump of scrub pine near the shaft house—a woman's handkerchief with a red border—a tiny banner to mark as it did a crisis in three lives.

A sudden rush of air from the chill reaches of the "Little Kitty" mine had found it on the shaft house floor and had carried it into the open before John Gunn, the superintendent, could set a heavy foot upon it. He followed it into the sunlight, over a little rock mound and into a pine clump. . . .

Someone was coming up the winding path from the stamp mill farther down the hill. Whoever it was, was singing "Good morning, Carrie," ambitiously if not altogether tunelessly, and the crags across the canyon were rattling with the echoes. John Gunn recognized the voice. He made a supreme dash for the vagrant handkerchief and captured it just as the head of Ben Juneau came into view above the pathway.

Gunn was certain that Juneau had not seen the handkerchief. He was certain, too, that the newcomer had not noticed the quick movement with which he concealed it in a capacious pocket. That was where Gunn made the first mistake of a long series. A man better versed in the lore of the hills might have told him of Juneau's uncanny tricks of vision—of the strange intuition which warned him of the trifling odds and ends which his eyes missed.

Juneau had seen the handkerchief. He had recognized it as one of a dozen he had brought to Katherine, his wife, from Omaha, a month before. Three hours ago he had seen it in her hand at the doorstep of their home. Ten minutes ago she had told him that she had not stirred from the house all morning. All this was in his mind as he greeted the superintendent—but there was no telling it from the smile on his dark face and the whole-souled tone of his booming voice.

"Good morning, John," he greeted. "I'm looking for Mrs. Juneau. Has she been up here?"

Gunn looked at him sharply. Admittedly he was puzzled. Some fourteen years of mining experience had developed

him so that he could hardly be classed as a novice in the ways of the world, but for all that he could not understand Juneau. The latter's pleasant face and the friendly inflection of the query disarmed suspicion.

"No," he answered as innocently as possible. "She hasn't been here today. I've been here for the last four hours and I'd a' seen her."

Juneau replied pleasantly and stepped into the shaft house. The superintendent, congratulating himself on his behavior in a crisis, followed the footpath toward the canyon floor where the noisy stamp mills were pounding the gold out of the heart of the porphyry.

John Gunn had no way of knowing that he had committed suicide.

JUNEAU, still smiling, walked into the red roost of the main hoist and stood for several minutes watching the dripping elevators shoot out of the dark maw of the earth, to pause a moment while steam hissed and unseen chains clanked and then to drop away again thousands of feet into the eternal night beyond the rim of the shaft. A dozen latter-day gnomes darted about, pushing loaded ore cars from the elevator platform and replacing them with empty ones, wheeling the black rock to a shallow pit in the concrete floor and dumping it into the waiting jaws of the crusher. The crusher, roaring continuously like a rapacious animal, devoured it, big rock and small alike, with great despatch and gusto—and called for more.

Juneau looked at the scene casually and then strode out into the open again. And none who saw him suspected that he was working out a great problem—that he was facing his most serious crisis since first he had rescued the "Little Kitty" mine from failure a decade ago; that he was sitting in judgment upon three souls and preparing to assist destiny in a very complicated situation.

Juneau sat upon a ledge of rock and peered down along the canyon wall, where clung half a mile or more of the red frame buildings through which the

ore passed before it grudgingly gave up its gold. The smashing of the stamp mill, thinned to a humming sound by altitude, mingled with the dull groaning of the crusher in a harmony that had been his only music for years. All this tremendous industry below him was his—his in the wider meaning of proprietorship, for his life was in it. His heart beats were measured in the pounding of the stamps. His ambitions were one with those of the silent machines which forced the mother rock to yield its treasure.

Ten years ago Benjamin Juneau had come into the Black Hills and had located a claim in Rapid Canyon. He had dreamed a dream, and his soul had gone into its fulfillment. There he had stayed despite the robber syndicates of the early nineties—surveyors who made mathematical formulae perjure themselves with ungodly abandon; claim-jumpers whose methods were more crude but usually more successful; heart-breaking litigation in courts where justice was habitually on the side of the most generous pocketbook; battles of various sorts with officers, state and federal, who had underestimated his tenacity.

Juneau had stayed. . . . So had more than one of the "claim-jumpers," for in those days quick tempers and quick triggers were well synchronized. Two men lay in unmarked graves on the canyon floor. . . . Perhaps another reposed on the hillside east of Rapid. Juneau had not followed his fortunes that far. Juneau had stayed because he did not know how to give up. What was his he kept!

What was his he kept! He sat pondering on the thought until purple shadows filled the crevices in the red walls of the gorge and the distant peaks faded from lavender to gray. Lights, a long garland of them, began to twinkle along the holdings of the "Little Kitty" from main hoist to cyanide plant as Juneau slowly picked his way down the pathway.

At the bottom of the hill he collided with John Gunn. The superintendent was out of breath.

"I've been looking for you," Gunn



Gunn made a supreme dash for the vagrant handkerchief and captured it just as the head of Ben Juneau came into view above the pathway.

wheezed. "We've tunneled into a spring on the four-hundred-foot level, and the pumps and the water are running just about even."

Juneau scowled.

"I warned you there was water ahead," he replied irritably.

"You did," Gunn admitted readily. "But neither you nor anybody else coulda seen what we were headin' into. There's a fissure in the creek bed an' Rapid creek is pourin' down into the mine through it."

"Report to the engineers," ordered Juneau with slight concern. "Put plenty of timber in that stope. If it gets dangerous, call the men out."

As Juneau turned away, he saw a dog rush down the path and leap upon the superintendent in joyful recognition, and he was surprised with a sudden desire to kill them both. The dog was a surly hound that he had tolerated only because it was Katherine's pet. That the beast should be friendly toward Gunn seemed sufficient evidence that Gunn had seen Katherine frequently. . . .

THE home of the Juneaus was a bungalow half hidden by tall pines on the edge of the cliff where the canyon widened just above the "Little Kitty" claim. Katherine Juneau stood in the doorway waiting for Ben, a slight, ethereal girl in a simple white dress. The light behind her, shining through her blonde hair, cast about her an aura wholly irreconcilable with the role which her husband believed her to be playing.

As he came near to her she raised a smiling face to be kissed. Juneau clasped her with two long, sinewy arms and swung her clear of the floor in a hug like that of a grizzly. Then he kissed her affectionately and set her back on her feet again.

"What is the trouble at the mine?" she asked when she had recovered her breath. "I saw one of the engineers racing a bronc down the canyon toward town—is it broken machinery?"

There was a note of real anxiety in her voice, for the "Little Kitty" mine had come to be a part of her existence.

"Flood," replied Ben. "Our new superintendent is trying to find a place for Rapid creek on the four-hundred-foot level and the creek is a little too large."

He had hinted at the blame attaching to Gunn only to see if Katherine could be drawn into his defense. But he got nothing.

"Is there any great danger?" she asked excitedly.

"Not just at present," he assured her. "The pumps are working well, and there is hope that Gunn may be able to dig a hole deep enough to take in the entire creek."

She looked at him quizzically.

"You don't like him," she observed quietly. "Was it his fault?"

He returned her calm gaze without a sign of emotion.

"In a way, yes," he replied. "Gunn should have known enough to keep away from that spot when he saw the seepage, but he wasn't on the job. Left the drills running wild down there while he was up here tending to other business—" He paused significantly, but got no information from any change in the girl's expression.

"Woman in it somewhere, I suspect," he went on casually. "If I had proof of

what I suspect I'd fire him."

The girl shrugged her shoulders indifferently.

"You were always quick with your judgments, Ben," she reminded him. "Always on guard against the rest of the world. Mistakes are natural and perhaps, after all, Gunn was not to blame."

She spoke as might a judge commenting upon a case in which he had little concern, and then, with a sudden burst of affection, pinioned both his great arms in a clinging embrace. He caught the fragrance of her hair, the clean, refreshing smell of starched linen and a pervasive scent of roses. Suddenly he clutched her tightly.

"You are mine," he said shortly, "and I'd kill anyone who attempted to take you away from me."

"I know that, Ben," she replied, snuggling closer.

They went into the house, where supper was spread by a window overlooking the mysterious depths of the canyon and the far peaks dimming from purple silhouettes to amorphous patches in the twilight sky.

THE pumps held their own that night. Morning found the water in the stope no deeper and brought hope that a judicious use of concrete might minimize the danger of disaster. Ben Juneau conferred briefly with his new superin-

tendent and started for town. Ostensibly his mission was the employment of some engineers to close the crack in the creek bed and make the lower levels of the "Little Kitty" safe to operate. Actually he went with a full sense of dramatic possibilities, determined to bring about a crisis in the amorous affairs of John Gunn with the least possible delay.

His gray automobile, bumping along the canyon road, was a dancing spot in the blue shadows of the cliffs when John Gunn crossed the threshold of the mine-owner's bungalow unannounced and encountered Mrs. Juneau.

The woman drew back from him in shocked bewilderment. She set down a tray of breakfast dishes and retreated toward a swinging door, beyond which sounds of household work proclaimed the presence of a domestic. Fear followed surprise in the train of emotions that flashed in her eyes, and presently anger obliterated fear.

"What do you mean by this?" she inquired, advancing a step. "Haven't you learned to knock or announce yourself before entering a private home?"

Gunn did not lack experience in the ways of women. He stood for a moment a picture of abject contrition—a splendid figure for all the confessed guilt in his hard face. A man to make an impression on any woman was John Gunn, and he was bent upon making one now. Katherine Juneau's set lips parted a bit as if in regret for her hasty outbreak, and the superintendent knew that his position was secure.

"I didn't think of it," he explained. "I've been living with men so long that I've forgotten the niceties of civilized life. I was looking for Mr. Juneau and ran up here when I couldn't find him in the office. I never stopped to consider that I didn't have the right to break right in here just as I always do at the mine. I've been anything but a gentleman, and I'm sorry."

"It was I who was hasty," admitted Katherine. "A woman in a situation such as I occupy here naturally must feel that the rights of her home life are sacred. Maybe I am oversensitive on the subject." She smiled. Gunn instantly resumed his normal poise—erect, self-confident, assertive to the verge of antagonism.

"I can see that this must be an odd life for a woman of your sort," he said with boldness well disguised by careful respect. "It speaks well for your strength of character that you have been able to stand it."

Momentary suspicion flamed in her eyes and was gone in contemplation of the man's apparent honesty. She was intelligent enough to be on her guard against him and woman enough to appreciate his attentions.

"I am happily married," she retorted quickly, as if in apology for her unspoken disloyalty. "So long as my husband lives I shall be content with my isolation."

He looked at her thoughtfully.

"I wonder if you really will?" he said. It isn't hard to see your early training was along other lines. You are educated. . . . His pause was eloquent. It was history in the hills that Ben

Juneau had come there an infant and had stayed through a period when life was precarious and schools few. His education had been haphazard and fragmentary. Mrs. Juneau looked at Gunn through narrowing eyelids.

Almost at once her visitor's serious attitude was dropped and he bade her a good-natured farewell. It was Gunn's adaptability as much as anything else that made him likeable. Somehow he seemed to be two persons—one a creature of depth and untold guile, the other an amusing boy with a quick smile and a ready answer.

Katherine Juneau followed him to the door when he left and pondered upon what she had learned of him since his arrival at the "Little Kitty" mine. Meanwhile he strode down the pathway whistling cheerily, apparently contented with himself and all the world, and plotted murder.

Most of that day he spent in a study of the queer formation of the porphyry

where it cracked the limestone stratum and left a fissure through which the waters of Rapid Creek poured into the stopes of the "Little Kitty" mine. Truly a remarkable situation he found it. A generous plaster of concrete might close it at the source, and on the other hand . . . He was busy there a long time.

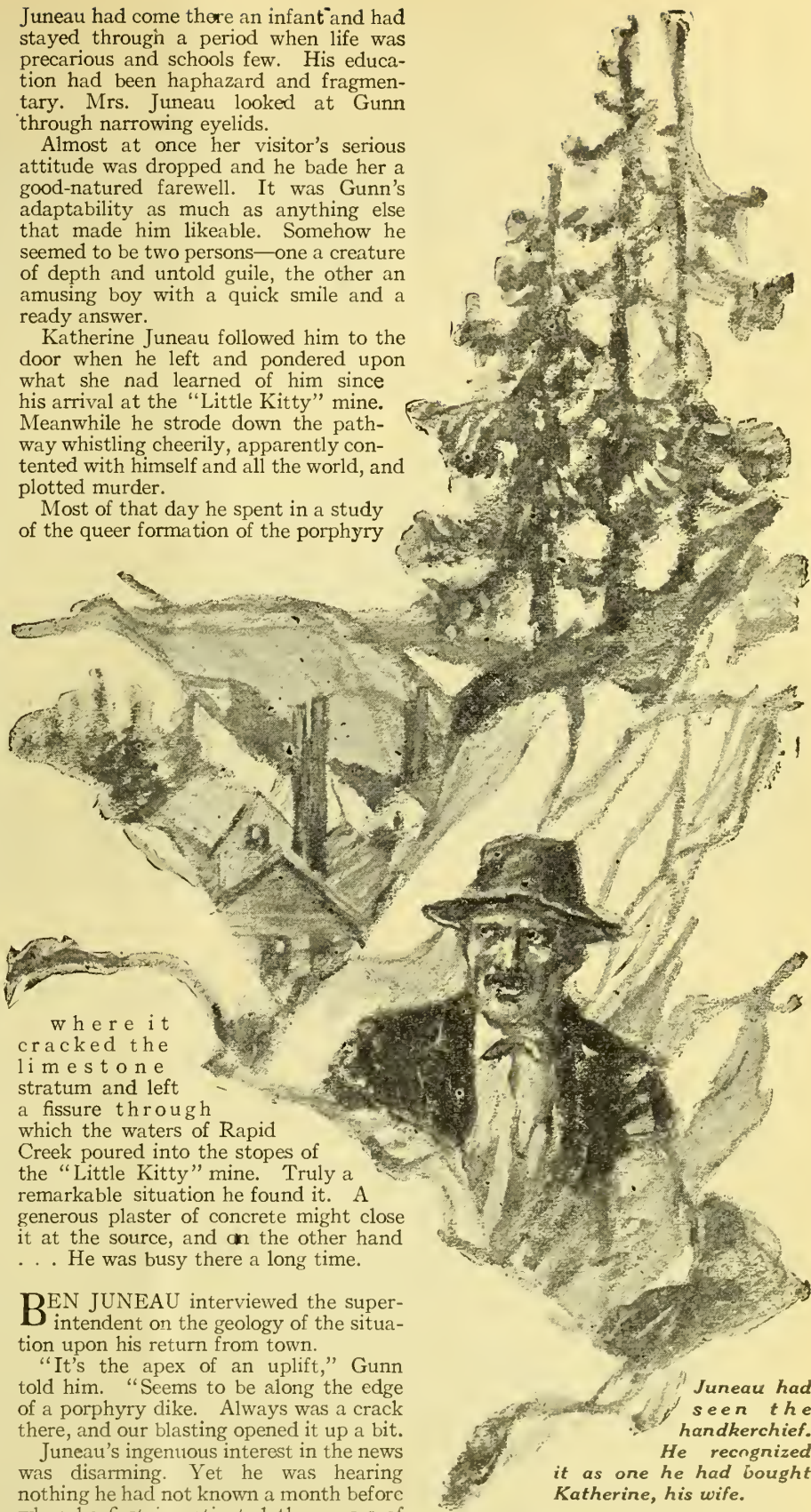
BEN JUNEAU interviewed the superintendent on the geology of the situation upon his return from town.

"It's the apex of an uplift," Gunn told him. "Seems to be along the edge of a porphyry dike. Always was a crack there, and our blasting opened it up a bit.

Juneau's ingenuous interest in the news was disarming. Yet he was hearing nothing he had not known a month before when he first investigated the causes of the seepage. And he knew John Gunn could not have discovered the geological situation without a visit to the creek bed at the expense of much physical exertion and considerable risk.

"Did you take a look at the canyon floor?" he inquired, with no trace of a motive.

"No," said Gunn. "Hadh't time.



Juneau had seen the handkerchief. He recognized it as one he had bought Katherine, his wife.

I'm not particularly a good judge of surface indications, and I figured I'd best leave that job to your engineers."

Juneau nodded, but it was not because of any commendation of Gunn's statement. His nod signified what the superintendent could not see—inward approbation of verified judgment. Gunn's lie

(Continued on page 32)

S P O R T

Edited By Walter Trumbull

The Manly Art

By Tex. O'Rourke

THE late Colonel Roosevelt said that boxing brings out every manly quality. No other form of amusement demands such careful study, clean living and courage. Padded gloves and strict rules have eliminated the old-time brutality. Why, then, is boxing legislated against and looked down on by a good half of our citizens?

There's something wrong. The general trend of our present reform wave is not to cure, but to kill. Boxing has reached a stage where it stands on the ledge between unprecedented popularity and oblivion. One good boost in either direction will be decisive. And there isn't a state where some group of misinformed mollicoddles is not standing by with an axe. There is little doubt but that the ancient game would have been wiped out within a very few years if the war had not intervened. Each season found it ruled out of a few new states and public opinion growing steadily against it.

Then came the war with its training camps, its boxing instructors, the daily classes in self-defense and the nightly contests attended by thousands. Boxing ceased to be thought of as a hazardous, more or less illegitimate means of making a precarious livelihood. It became a means of acquiring the maximum of physical fitness, quick perception, determination and courage. Millions of men in and out of the service saw boxing for the first time. The general feeling against it changed. With sports of all kinds booming, the psychological time has arrived for lovers of the game to plant boxing firmly as a great national pastime.

Boxing has suffered from lack of organization. It needs a national commission. Each promoter has been forced to play a lone hand without protection or help from outside sources. If he were honest, he could be gouged by greedy managers or have his doors closed by rival clubs; and if he were crooked, he could merrily fleece the public without censure. Managers and boxers ruled out by one state for fixed fights could move into the next, and repeat the performance. Champions could salt away their titles indefinitely and reap the footlight's harvest; untried novices

who happened to get the proper publicity could walk into town and receive huge purses while clever men went begging. If boxing is to succeed, it must be put under control.

THE Board of Boxing Control, recently appointed, has a splendid opportunity to organize the game and put it

board to see that he gets a fair run for his money, he will take to boxing just as enthusiastically as our men in France did.

Then, we are suffering just now from too much champion. There's too much difference between the popularity and drawing ability of the best man and the second best. Take, as an example,

Jack Dempsey. Dempsey is the best of his class without a doubt. He has had a few unsatisfactory bouts with such men as Willie Meehan and Billy Miske, but his record is good, and he stands out above the rest. He demands \$250,000 for a single fight. The average fan says, "Well, he is worth it if he can draw it in at the gate." But he isn't worth it, any more than nine minutes of Jess Willard's time was worth \$100,000.

Dempsey is no better boxer than Ty Cobb is ball player, yet Cobb would be content to work years for \$250,000.

It is doubtful if we could find a half dozen men in the United States whom Dempsey could beat and Fred Fulton could not. Yet Fred is lucky to get a thousand dollars for a fight. Fulton has a really remarkable record, but his one defeat at Dempsey's hand puts him in the discard. He can still put up the most interesting exhibition of any heavyweight, not excepting the champion himself, but because Fred has been beaten, he is looked upon as a joke.

If you took the winners of the present Chicago-Cincinnati series and put them out next season on a tour at ten to fifty dollars a seat, then tossed the other fifteen teams back into the minors, you would have a situation in baseball similar to the present situation in boxing. This could be helped considerably if the Board of Boxing Control would rate the ten best boxers in each division just as tennis players are rated. Such a definite classification would do more than anything

else to lessen the gap between champions and contenders, and it would tend to divide the fan's interest among several men rather than center it on one.

PROBABLY the greatest boost in sight at present is the proposed tournament to be held under the supervision of the International Sporting Club of New York. If their plans are realized they

(Continued on page 27)

IN CIVIES

Where are the girls who used to smile, and
the rides I used to get?
And where is the crowd that was very
proud to pass me a cigarette?
Time was I danced with maidens fair, and
captured their hearts by storm,
But I've lost my pull with the beautiful,
since quitting the uniform.

I've sunk my heels into Turkish rugs that
only the rich can own,
At tables fine, I've been asked to dine in
the heart of the social zone,
In cushions deep of the limousines, I have
rested my manly form,
But I've lost my job with the tony mob
since quitting the uniform.

I've been a king on a ballroom floor, an
ace in the social whirl,
I could show my face in any old place, and
never a lip would curl,
I could walk right up to a rich man's door
and be sure of a welcome warm,
But I've changed a lot and they know me
not, since quitting the uniform.

Now I walk down town and the autos pass,
and nobody says get in,
And the girls are shy when I'm standing
by, and give me the tilted chin.
And nobody knows, and nobody cares,
whether I eat or how,
I must buy my chuck for I'm out of luck;
I'm wearing my civies now.

CARL HARTERIUS.

on a legitimate basis. Its members have suggested that they ought to be endowed with more authority. They don't need it. The fighters want them, the managers and promoters need them, the public will welcome them, and the press will back them. If they have the will and the backbone, they can have every fighter and every club under their jurisdiction within a year. Once the average citizen knows that he can depend on the

Scenes of Yesterday



The by-road to La Charmel.

Painted by George Harding



Morning on the Marne. Battle-tired men sloped forward through the mud, going to their advanced positions.

Painted by Harvey Dunn

BURSTS and DUDS



The young hopeful was much interested in a picture of Elijah going to Heaven in a chariot. Noticing the halo about Elijah's head he exclaimed, "Look, Mama, he's carrying an extra tire."

At a Southern entertainment a magician was edifying his audience by his ability to read through solid substances.

Holding up a heavy horse blanket he said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I can see right through this extra weight blanket."

Up rose an old colored mammy and marched down the aisle.

"Lawdy," she exclaimed, "dis ain't no place for a decent colored lady in a calico dress."

Leaning over in a confiding manner, the girl whispered to her friend, "Do you know, Tom was wearing my picture over his heart in France and it stopped a bullet."

"Yes," said the friend, surveying her, "I'm not at all surprised."

The colonel was explaining to the regiment their duty in the approaching offensive. "If we go forward, we die; if we go backward, we die. So it is better to go forward and meet our fate."

The awed silence that followed was broken by a languid voice in the rear. "Yas," it drawled, "a bloke's best chance is to go like a bloomin' crab."

"Yes, they are going to stop making lollypops."

"Why so?"

"Illegal. They have a stick in them."

"We shall beat our swords into plowshares!" exclaimed the poet.

"And straighten our corkscrews into bill files," added the practical man

The American Legion Weekly will use jokes and pay for those that are acceptable. For the best received before Friday each week, not exceeding fifty words, five dollars will be paid; for the second best, three dollars, for all jokes accepted, one dollar. Manuscripts will not be returned. This offer is limited to those eligible to membership in the Legion.

The prize winners last week were: Edwin C. Johnson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; John H. Geiszel, Philadelphia, Pa.; Fred M. Dragonette, Philadelphia, Pa.; Elmer I. Ransom, Augusta, Ga.; Bert Morehouse, Chicago, Ill.; W. W. Pangburn, New York City; John A. Donohue, Wheeling, W. Va.; H. H. Craigie, New York City; John M. Richards, Enid, Okla.; John A. Pearson, Brookline, Mass.; Merze M. Seeburger, Des Moines, Iowa.; C. S. Stevenson, Kansas City, Mo.; John S. Carlslin, New Albany, Ind.

The young farmer was showing his city cousin around the farm and incidentally was rapidly falling under the spell of the fair cousin's eyes.

"Now, that's a nice scene," he said, pausing beside a paddock fence to point to a cow and a calf rubbing noses in bovine love. "The sight of it makes me want to do the same thing."

"Well, go on," said the sweet young thing placidly. "It's your cow, you know."

"Why don't you fight for the King, my man?" a British officer asked a Cockney.

"Hain't the King and the Kaiser cousins?" asked the Cockney.

"They are," agreed the officer.

"Well," explained the other, "Hi once got mixed in one family fight, and got a rolling pin hon my 'ead, so I'm bloomin' well goin' ter stay out o' this one."

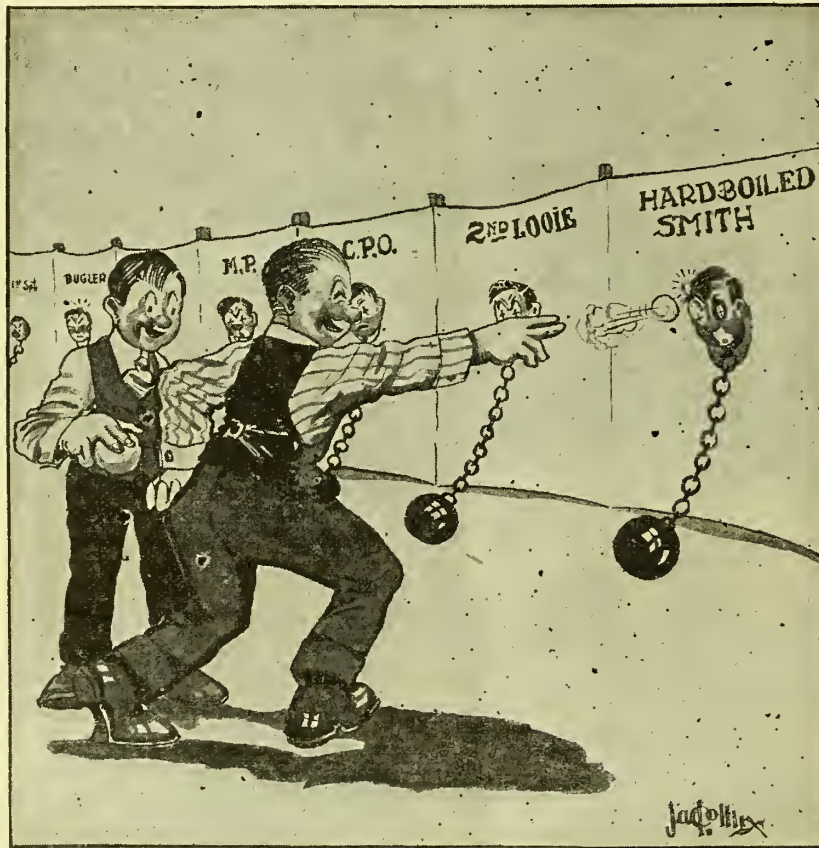
In a recent issue the Bursts and Duds column published a warning from the American troops in Vladivostok which read: "Don't try to understand the value of a ruble. Measure them in pecks." And now an inquisitive reader asks: "Did the writer mean kopecks?"

Jane: "Why did the Army turn Charlie down?"

Elsie: "On account of his eyes."

Jane: "Why, I think he has lovely eyes. Don't you?"

An Irish soldier was lying in the trenches and had not had access to any soap and water for a long time. Flies swarmed over his hands and face. Again and again he brushed them off, until he got weary of it and let them stay. Finally a bee alighted on his hand and stung him painfully. Brushing his hands and face frantically he cried, "Just fer that ye all git off!"



Suggestion No. 100,003 for stimulating attendance at local post meetings:
Any man would walk miles to get in on this show.

"Edward, who discovered America?" asked the teacher.

"Ohio," answered Edward.

"Why, no. It was Columbus."

"Oh, well," said the boy, "I sort of hate to call him by his first name."

Bum (at back door): "Lady, have you any food for a man just here from the front?"

Lady: "Oh, poor dear. Have you been wounded?"

Bum: "No, lady. I mean I just came around from your front door."

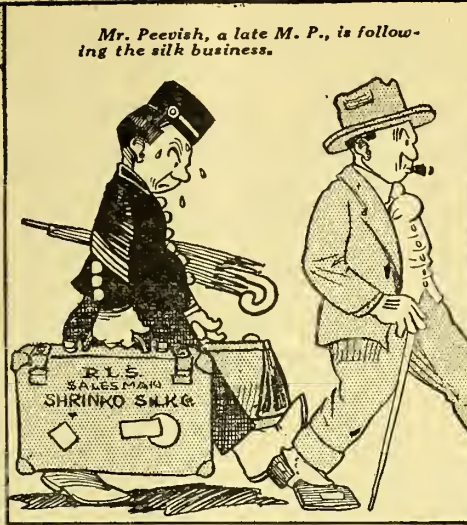
Gunnery officer: "Now, men, remember that it costs us \$40 every time we fire this gun."

Patrick O'H.: "Sure an' Oi'll fire the blamed gun for yez for \$20."





"Louie" Jones, late of Company B, has climbed to a high position with the Hokus Hardware Co.



Mr. Peevish, a late M. P., is following the silk business.



Mr. Comfort of the Ordnance Department is touring in the Middle West.



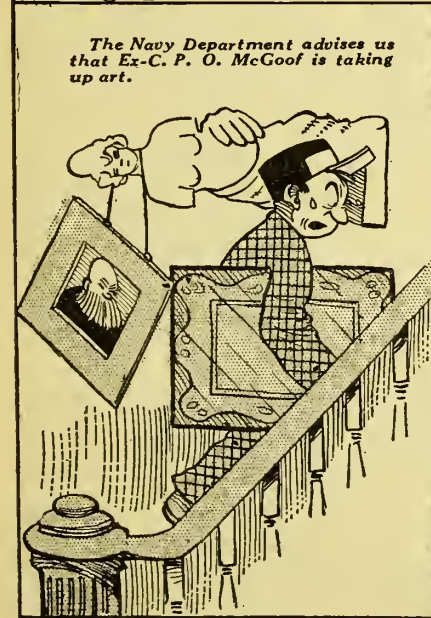
"Hard Boiled" Smith is taking up construction work in Kansas.



Q. M. Sgt. Bean is with the Broken Construction Co. and has several hundred men under him.



Bugler Foreman is still in uniform.



The Navy Department advises us that Ex-C. P. O. McGoof is taking up art.



Former Ensign Gadget is in the office of the president of the Foxum Cheese Works.



Former Brig. Gen. Quibble is captaining his way in the regulars.

A Report on the Employment Situation

BULLETIN BOARD

American cities of over 30,000 population have a total debt of over two and a half billion dollars. Only eighty of these 227 cities can show incomes greater than expenditures.

Mike Gilhooley, who stowed away five times in order to become an American citizen, has at last been successful. After being sent back to Ireland four times, he has been adopted by an American family. He said he would get in and he did. That is the kind of citizen we need to balance those who ought to be traveling in the other direction.

A young man in a metropolitan restaurant the other day revealed a new trick to an excited audience. Becoming incensed at the tardy waiter, the customer unstrapped his wooden leg, pounded the waiter over the head with it, and then fled. He was not caught. The one detail lacking in this hit and run play is what became of the leg?

The Citizens' Patriotic League of Covington, Kentucky, has issued a declaration of principles with which few will quarrel. Pleading among other things for the deportation of all aliens who rendered weak-kneed loyalty to the country in the war, the League concluded, "Then, God helping us, all else forgot, we pledge our hands, our hearts, our lives, our services to America first and America forever."

Allegations made in some quarters that the returned service men do not make good are entirely refuted by the experience of the government of the province of Saskatchewan, Canada. "In a great many cases," says that government's report, "the returned soldier is more efficient and takes up his duty more intelligently than before going to the front."

One of the country's great shipyards has had to forbid any women to walk through the yards during work hours. Too many hours, say the officials, are wasted by men who stop work to stare at the fair visitors. Hours, is it? Either the women walk very slowly or the men are powerfully affected.

The units of the Navy in British waters are now assembling at Plymouth, preparatory to the trip back across the Atlantic. These vessels have just completed the gigantic and dangerous task of sweeping up 21,000 of their own mines, which they laid so carefully a year or more ago. Official estimates of the time this feat would take were two years above the time it actually did take.

Little less than a year has elapsed since destruction ceased to walk in northern France, and yet a quarter of the devastated regions have been restored. Andre Tardieu is authority for the statement that 60,000 of the 550,000 wrecked houses have been rebuilt, 2,016

of the 3,246 kilos of wrecked railroad have been repaired, 700 of the 1,675 kilos of ruined canals have been put in commission, and 588 of the 1,160 destroyed plants are again functioning.

Who won the war? That's easy; the Smiths did. War Department records are said to show that there were 51,000 of this tribe in service. The Johnsons were second with 29,000, and the others that "placed" were the Jones clan, with 22,500; the Greens, with 22,500; the Browns, with 9,000; and the Cohens, with 4,500. Moreover, there were in the ranks seventy-four George Washingtons, seven Ulysses Grants, and seventy-nine Robert E. Lees.



©Underwood & Underwood

The American soldiers were eating pretzels in Germany until Stella Young arrived there with doughnuts. She just returned from overseas. Miss Young is said to be the original "Salvation Sue."

Plans have been completed and submitted to the War Department for an educational institution at Camp Humphreys, Virginia. The plans provide for an engineers school, a college of military research, an engineer post, and a vocational school.

Many English prisoners in Germany during the war took advantage of the arrangement between the British and German censorships which permitted the prisoners to receive books and study for entrance examinations for the English universities. Books on every conceivable subject and in fifty-two languages were sent to these students.

The War Department is to sell five more army camps. They are Mills, Long Island; Shelby, Mississippi; cantonments in Chickamauga and Chattanooga

National Parks; Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.; and government improvements at Newport News, Va. We suspect that men formerly in service there are not among the buyers.

In mid-October there were seventy strikes in progress throughout the country. Of these eight had been authorized by the A. F. of L. and sixty-two were outlaw strikes.

Reports from Mexico tell of the discovery of the remains of a giant man, nearly thirty-three feet tall. That elongated gentleman should be glad that he is not living to-day, with clothes costing what they do.

It is claimed for the American submarine E-2 that she holds the record in our Navy for distance cruised under water, namely, 1,800 miles. She often remained fifteen or twenty days on patrol duty in the North Sea blockade.

James Joseph McEnery, veteran of the Twenty-sixth Infantry, was resting in a hospital when he heard that a small boy in a neighboring cot would have his legs amputated unless someone could be persuaded to offer pieces of skin for grafting purposes. McEnery volunteered, and the surgeons took 102 pieces of skin from him. Both patients are now recovering.

How much relief did the Red Cross ship from this country to stricken Europe? Measured by weight, it amounted to 218,310,000 pounds. Measured in terms of human relief from suffering, what did it total?

Censorship has been lifted by France, and an official decree has transferred jurisdiction over police affairs from the army to the prefectures.

Another navy has been wiped off the seas. It is stated in Rome despatches that the Yugoslav battleship *Franz Josef*, taken from Austria, sank in a storm. The completeness of the disaster is more obvious when one reads that the ship was carrying ammunition for the entire Yugoslav army.

Last year our trade with Germany and Austria was nothing. This year, through August, these "war wrecks" sent us shipments worth \$1,900,000. Russia in Europe in the same period sent exports to \$2,700,000, and Belgium not quite a two millions' worth. Which leads the *New York Sun* to remark: "And our national leaders talk; our national workers idle and quarrel. Lord help the United States—trade target of the world!"

A thrifty couple in Ohio have offered to name their baby after the Senator or Representative who will give them the biggest prize for the honor. This may be the one chance for some deserving Congressman to become famous.

What the Legion Posts Are Doing

The following telegram was received in response to the greetings The American Legion sent the United Confederate Veterans during their recent encampment:

ATLANTA, GA., October 9, 1919.
HENRY D. LINDSLEY,
Chairman, American Legion, New York.
The United Confederate Veterans deeply appreciate the lovely greetings of The American Legion. Your records of the conduct of our sons with the baptism of fire make our old hearts warm, and we shall ever be grateful that the members of the Legion have not counted their lives dear unto themselves, and that they have served God and their country. The veterans of the Southland stand with you ready for any service for our united country.
W. E. MICKLE,
Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff.

When the bill for the incorporation of The American Legion was under consideration in Congress there was some opposition to it, based not on hostility to the Legion but on the wisdom or unwisdom of setting the precedent of incorporating such a body. It was also asserted by the opponents of the bill that the Legion should be allowed to go its own way without being "bothered" by Congress. Representative Charles Pope Caldwell of New York did much to settle the question in the following brief speech:

"The idea of this incorporation is to solidify all of the various branches of the American armed forces. If we do not do this there will spring up all over the country organizations of volunteers

who served overseas, organizations of the National Guardsmen who served overseas, organizations of the Regular Army who served overseas, organizations of Marines who served overseas, and organizations of Marines who went to Russia, and organizations of each of these who stayed in the United States; and the result will be that instead of solidifying sentiment among that great body of men, that instead of having every man who wore the uniform of his country at the time of its greatest peril standing before the world and saying, "This man was my buddy and was willing to die for me," we will have a division of sentiment and we will tear down that great thing that has come to us, because all American men, women, and children went to battle for the liberty of the world and by their valor and by their united efforts they won this victory which is so great that even the angels in Heaven sing their praises. And I would not under any circumstances deny these men this great opportunity to coordinate and cooperate on an equal footing."

Sharp applause greeted these remarks.

Included in the plans for Atlantic City's proposed \$2,250,000 Victory pier-convention hall to be erected on the beach front at Tennessee Avenue, are national headquarters for The American Legion, where visiting veterans may meet their friends and buddies.

Members of Memphis Post No. 1 are raising funds for a \$75,000 clubhouse and headquarters.

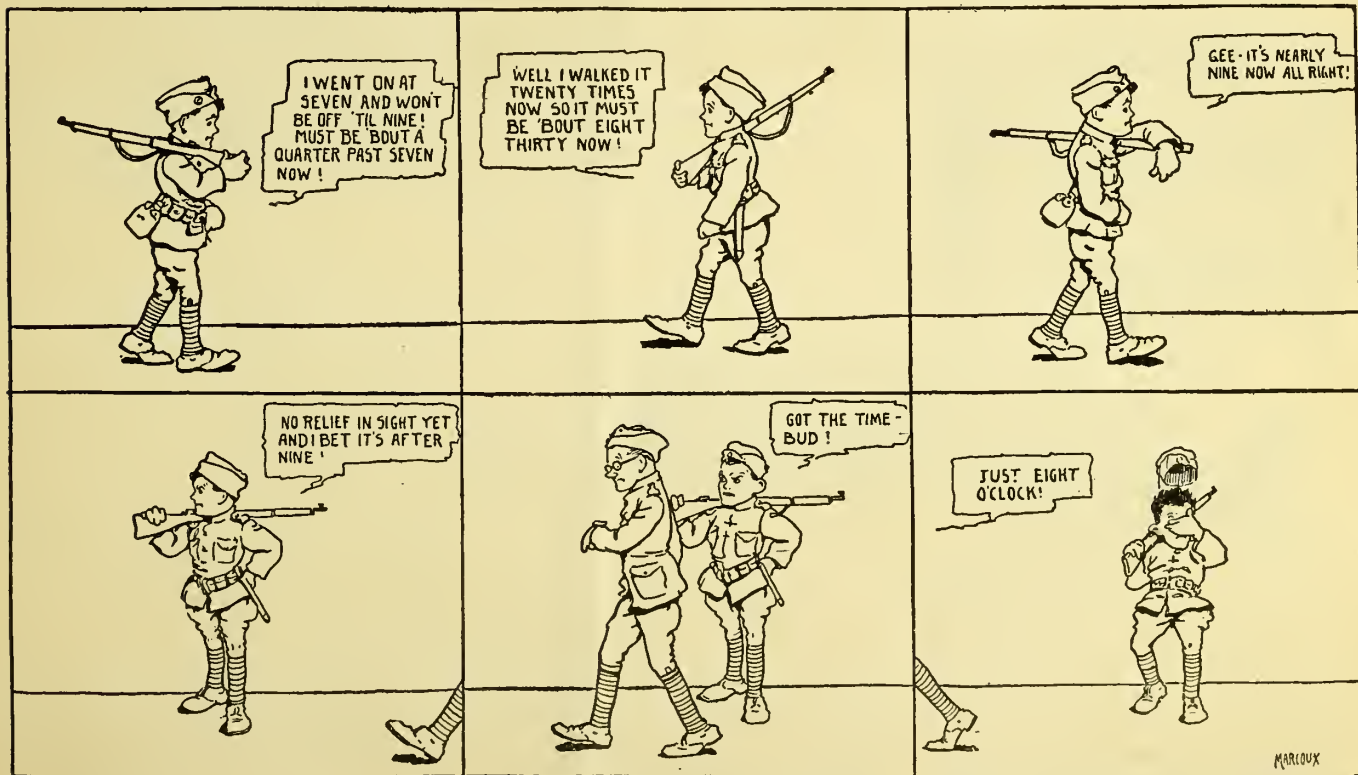
Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, has been accepted for membership in the Fourth Naval District Post of Philadelphia. Confirmation will be sought at the Minneapolis Convention.

Hawaiian post of The American Legion has been organized in Honolulu.

Mary McAlister, the youngest sergeant in the American army, wants to join an Oakland, Cal., post of The American Legion so badly that she is willing to sue for admission. In recognition of her recruiting services in Chicago, President Wilson gave her a sergeant's warrant. A Los Angeles post turned down Mary because she was not a regularly enlisted soldier, and the Oakland post feels it will have to do likewise.

Lieutenant General Liggett and the grievance committee of The American Legion of San Francisco are investigating a charge made by four army sergeants that they were refused service in a restaurant in Market Street.

Because he refused to extend to Cardinal Mercier The American Legion's invitation to address them, Mayor Smith, of Philadelphia, was severely criticised by the members of Logan Post. Resolutions were adopted and copies sent to the newspapers condemning the mayor's attitude "as utterly lacking in appreciation of the noble achievements and spirit of The American Legion." The cardinal later addressed a rally meeting of Legion men without the mayor's invitation.



Did It Ever Happen to You?

LETTERS FROM READERS

Read It from Cover to Cover

To the Editor: THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, although still in its infancy, already is one of the finest weeklies in national circulation. I find that every former service man who receives it never fails to read it from cover to cover. The reading matter is snappy and just what we want. Your editors most certainly deserve thanks for their splendid work.

HERMAN H. KOCH,

Adjutant, Monahan Post.

Sioux City, Iowa.

Lacks in No Detail

To the Editor: I want to congratulate the editor and his associates on this splendid WEEKLY. The many interesting news articles and editorials, together with the excellent pictorial section, make of it a publication which lacks in no detail. The fact that complaints come in from members when they do not receive it merely shows in what esteem it is held by Perry Post.

BLAKE WILLIS,

Perry, Iowa.

Adjutant, Perry Post.

A Wish for Success

To the Editor: Permit me to say a word in favor of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. It is the best publication I have ever received and no doubt will perform its mission well in the future. Here's wishing grand and glorious success to the Legion and its official publication—unbounded success.

Chillicothe, Ohio.

C. B. RAIS.

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A Very Good Job

To the Editor: A very good job is being done on THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. The story or two of "over there" life, the athletic department, the funny page, the reproductions of war paintings and general idea of free illustration are, to my mind, well balanced. The purely statistical information on the Legion is good and necessary and the cause of Americanism is worth all you are giving it. On the last item I suggest that you treat 'em as rough as your dope will provide.

It occurs to me that there were a lot of un-American things going on here while we were in the army that were suppressed by civilians and officers assigned to that work, the stories of which, if they could be told to the men who were in the service, would serve to keep the fight alive in them for a clean-up in this country. I am not in sympathy with the I. W. W., neither in his manner of getting into the war nor in the way he messed things up in getting out of it.

Skiatook, Okla.

L. E. MASON.

Prefers the Weekly

To the Editor: I get a number of magazines, but I would rather read THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY than all the others. It is a first class paper. Keep it up. Here's a check to cover a year's subscription.

HUGH W. FITCH.

Wellesly Hill, Mass.

Reads Right Through

To the Editor: Great stuff! I started at the cover and read everything right through to the end. Pretty good, I'll say! Long life to THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

Lowell, Mass.

J. D. SHEA.

Likes War Paintings

To the Editor: I am greatly pleased with THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY and the improvement from week to week is noticeable. The war paintings are especially good. In fact I want to compliment you upon the magazine as a whole.

Galesburg, Ill.

JOHN L. NICHOLSON.

They All Read It

To the Editor: Your magazine is splendid and will grow better week by week. Our membership has grown from fifteen to seventy-five in a few weeks and your magazine is read with great joy by all the boys.

Forsyth, Mo.

ROBERT L. GIDEON.

Doesn't Want to Miss It

To the Editor: THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY is a most admirable paper. All ex-soldier friends of mine are very much pleased with it. Let me know when my subscription expires as I don't want to miss a copy.

Worcester, Mass. HERBERT L. BULL.

A Guiding Factor

To the Editor: Every member of The American Legion should feel justly proud of its official publication, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. It is certainly a creditable magazine. Your WEEKLY will unquestionably instill and create interest and enthusiasm among the ex-service men in The American Legion and will be a guiding factor in the direction of the Legion. The WEEKLY gives our members added inspiration and increases the interest of the men in the Legion. You are doing a wonderful work for the organization and your policy is excellent.

T. J. MURRAY, JR.,
Secy., Deaver Post.

Jackson, Tenn.

Best in the Country

To the Editor: I'm enclosing check to cover a year's subscription. THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY is without a doubt the best weekly publication in the United States, and as I missed the last issue I judged that my subscription had expired.

Marengo, Iowa.

W. R. NEELE.

A Booster

To the Editor: THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY is a fine publication and I will boost it for all I am worth.

H. S. CHAMBERLAIN.

Worthington, Ohio.

Holds Members Together

To the Editor: THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY is improving each week and it is doing a great deal toward stimulating and holding together our membership.

GEORGE I. PHILLIPS.

Chamberlain, S. D.

Watching it Grow

To the Editor: Your paper is a dandy, and I congratulate you. It is excellent, since it still is in its infancy.

Little Rock, Ark.

LEO. P. BOTT, JR.

(Continued on page 27)

SPORT

(Continued from page 20)

will establish recognized champions in each division of approximately 100 professions. The development of such a galaxy of representative title holders, each with the support and following of his fellow tradesmen, would stimulate such rivalry that an ordinary champion might wait a long time for a houseful of sixty-dollar customers. On the other hand, it would supply him with enough legitimate contenders to keep him busy as often as he wanted to work at reasonable rates.

Once started right, boxing will spread fast, for it makes friends quickly. Opponents of the art are nearly all people unacquainted with the game. The reformer says it is not elevating. Well, it is essentially a fair, clean, red-blooded sport which demands skill, temperate habits, courage and physical fitness. Once it receives proper management, the undesirable element will quickly disappear. Take our most successful boxers as a whole, and you will find that they are pretty good citizens, intelligent, gentlemanly, generous, home-loving, and self-reliant. Most of them would have been successful in almost any line.

Put boxing on an even footing with other sports. It will equal if not outbid them all for popularity.

WHAT WILL THE VETERANS DO?

(Continued from page 15)

stand against holders of Legion offices becoming candidates for public office. Some of the state conventions, however, have either refused to act on the question or have taken an opposite view of it.

These are just a few of the issues upon which the delegates of The American Legion's members will express themselves. It would be at least presumptuous to attempt to catalogue the things the convention may or may not discuss. There are many, many matters of routine Legion administration that concern the conduct of its own internal organization affairs that will require careful and mature deliberation, and the permanent constitution of the Legion itself is by no means the least important of those considerations.

LETTERS FROM READERS

(Continued from page 26)

A Prediction

To the Editor: I predict that THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY will have a circulation of a million or more in the very near future. It's a solace to the soldier.

JOSEPH SIEKE.

New York, N. Y.

Near Perfection

To the Editor: I am a member of Post No. 19, Dinuba, Cal. I received my first copy of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY a day or so ago and after perusing it I could not help but drop you a line of congratulation on its splendid form, which is as near perfect as can be.

J. S. FULLARD.

Dinuba, Cal.

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take out the stains and dirt with

Goblin Soap

No hard work about taking off all the stain, dirt and grime with Goblin Soap, and it can't harm the most delicate skin.



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with a masterly explanation in

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Foreword by Ex-President Taft.
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31x3 1/2.....	5.75	1.55	35x4 1/2.....	11.00	3.15
32x3 1/2.....	7.00	2.00	36x4 1/2.....	11.50	3.40
31x4.....	8.00	2.25	35x5.....	12.50	3.50
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INFORMATION

The American Legion Weekly will undertake to answer in this column practical questions asked by readers affecting the interests of men who were in the service. Questions will be answered in the order of their receipt, except that precedence may be given now and then to questions of a wide general interest.

N. Y. Compulsory Training

To the Editor: Can you sketch briefly an outline of the compulsory military training plan of school boys in the State of New York? Is the plan in operation? Portland, Ore. E. T. BOYNTON.

All boys in school between the ages of sixteen and nineteen receive an hour and a half of military training each week, under the direction of instructors from the New York State Military Training Commission. About 200,000 boys are enrolled and the state is divided into six zones, fixed geographically. Training started October 6 in the various armories.

Hat Cords

To the Editor: What is the difference between the hat cord worn on the service hat by general officers and that worn by other commissioned officers? Okmulgee, Okla. A. L. WIER.

The hat cord worn by general officers is a double cord of gold bullion with acorns of the same material at the ends. Other commissioned officers wear a similar cord with black silk intermixed with the gold.

U. S. S. Galveston

To the Editor: Where is the U. S. S. Galveston and how should mail be addressed to it? Memphis, Tenn. WELBORN GILTIER.

The U. S. S. Galveston was, when last reported, at Constantinople, Turkey. Mail should be addressed in care Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Compensation and Training

To the Editor: A short time ago I was awarded compensation for myself and dependent mother. (1) As I understand it, if I take up training with the Vocational Board I will lose my pension for all time. Do I, if I go through school paying expenses myself? (2) Can the government at any time take the pension that has been awarded me away? If so, what are the conditions? (3) I have eighteen months back allotment to my mother due, \$15 a month that I allotted, and \$5 government allowance. What shall I do about it? New York, N. Y. WOUNDED MARINE.

1. While receiving payments from the Federal Board for Vocational Training no compensation is payable. However, if the board pays only your tuition, your compensation continues. In any event, your compensation becomes payable again after completion of your course.

2. The compensation award is at all times subject to review and modification

which any change in the physical condition of the man may require.

3. In regard to your back allotment, more information is needed. Send your full name, your army serial number, if any, your rank and organization, the name of the allottee, and any other details you may have.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH WAR RISK?

(Continued from page 9)

it is not cheap, because it is cheaper than any privately organized life insurance company ever can offer. It is largely because red tape and inefficiency have disgusted the veteran with his transactions with the bureau. The great improvement which should come about in the administration of the bureau, and particularly of its insurance division, ought to result in an increased faith on the part of the ex-service man that his government not only will pay his insurance when it is due, but that it will also render him, relatively, as good service as a privately organized life insurance company with regard to his insurance premiums and other transactions about his insurance.

But, bad as the situation is, there is hope for general improvement. The Sweet bill, which should become a law as soon as the League of Nations issue clears the Senate, will more than double compensations, on the average, and add many decidedly attractive new features to government insurance. War Risk Insurance is a good thing gone wrong; it has suffered much in reputation, by association with the bureau of the same name.

You may be disgusted now, and probably are, but the thing to do is to look ahead. If you let your insurance slide you will regret it later, if you ever feel the need for insurance; and in a year from now it will be too late. If you want good insurance, pay up and get back in. A detailed study of the new insurance as modified by the Sweet bill will be presented by THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY next week.

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Agents Wanted

At National Headquarters

The October meeting of the Joint National Executive Committee practically completed all business of The American Legion demanding consideration prior to the first annual convention in Minneapolis one week from next Monday. Chairman Henry D. Lindsley received authority to call the committee into special session before the convention if such action becomes necessary.

Perhaps the most important action of the meeting was the adoption of a resolution authorizing the appointment of a committee of five to take the necessary steps to insure the proper and adequate financing of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY after the convention. It is believed at national headquarters that the magazine not only continue to be a most potent factor in the work of The American Legion itself but also will contribute materially to constructive national effort.

In connection with the expected visit of Marshal Foch to the United States to be the guest of The American Legion at the convention, Mr. Lindsley has been empowered to appoint such committees and to take such other steps as may be advisable in perfecting the plans and arrangements for the Marshal's entertainment in this country.

Local posts and state organizations are urged by national headquarters to ask their state executives to declare November 11, American Legion Day, the anniversary of the armistice, a legal holiday. The national legislative committee of the Legion will also endeavor to have Representative Fordney's resolution in Congress relating to November 11 as Memory Day amended to make the same day a national holiday as American Legion Day.

Thomas W. Miller, joint chairman of the Legislative Committee, told the National Executive Committee that the Legion is growing daily in prestige and influence in the national capital.

"The American Legion," he said, "is being looked to as no other organization in the United States."

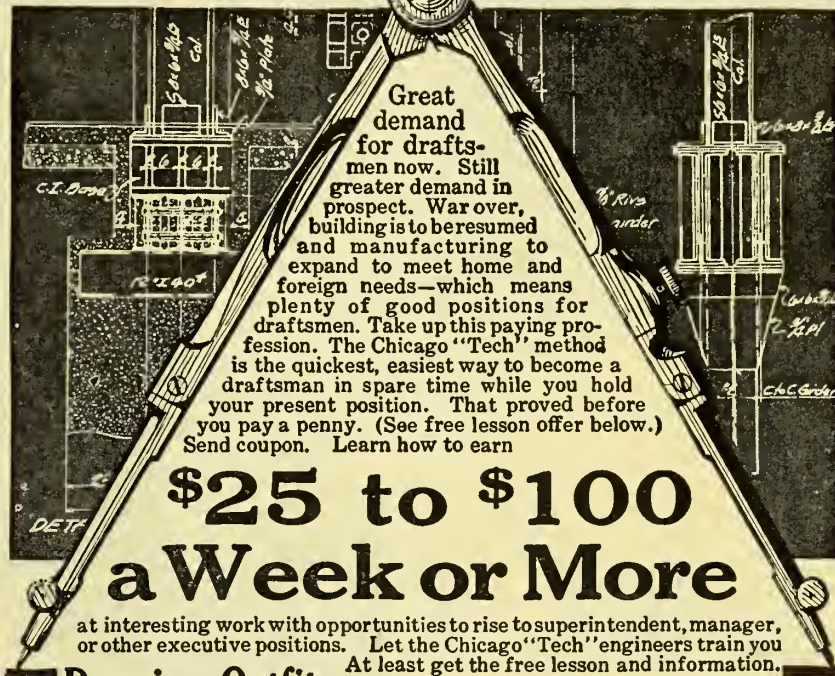
At the suggestion of the Legislative Committee state branches and local posts have been asked to communicate with their senators to secure immediate and favorable action on two important measures now before Congress in which the interests of the ex-service men are concerned—the bill to deport violators of the espionage act and the Sweet bill to amend the War Risk Insurance Act.

Both bills have been passed by the House and are now in the appropriate Senate Committees. The Senators are also to be requested to incorporate in the Sweet bill the Legion's proposed amendment which will permit payment of term insurance as well as converted insurance in lump sums.

A special committee has been appointed by the National Executive Committee to devise a proposed amendment to the Lufkin bill now before Congress which

(Continued on page 34)

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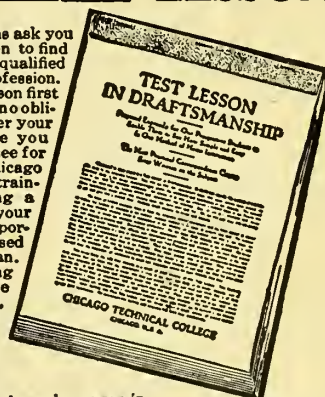
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Other institutions ask you to pay first—and then to find out later how well qualified you are for this profession. We send the free lesson first and place you under no obligation at all. Discover your qualifications before you pay anything. And see for yourself just what Chicago "Tech" offers you in training which will bring a ready market for your services and open opportunities which are closed to the untrained man. The coupon will bring all the facts about the course, the small fee, and the easy terms.

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FIND YOUR BUDDY

Has Forgotten His Name

Has anyone seen the man whose picture appears herewith? He is Harold A. Moorehouse, formerly Corporal, F Company, 148th Infantry. He was reported killed in action on October 31, 1918. Later a sergeant in his company saw him walking off the field. He is since supposed to have been returned to the United States, suffering from shock, and is said to have forgotten his name. His photograph has been identified by nurses and others as that of a man who has since been seen at Camp Mills, Long Island; Hampton Roads, Virginia, and Camp Sherman, Ohio.



Corp. Harold A. Moorehouse

He was wounded in the left side of the head, right and left arms. His height is 5 feet 7 inches, weight between 140 and 150. He has a prominent nose, stiff, blonde, wavy hair, grey-blue eyes and heavy eyebrows. He has a light mole over the left eye and light mole under his chin. Anyone who can give information as to his whereabouts or who has seen him, notify Red Cross, Home Service Section, Standard Parts Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Missing: Private George W. Snook, Jr., H Company, Twenty-sixth Infantry, reported missing in action, July 22, 1918.

Enlisted at Wahpeton, North Dakota, in I Company, First North Dakota Infantry, on April 25, 1917, at the age of 18. This organization became the 164th Infantry and went abroad in December, 1917. Transferred to Twenty-sixth Infantry. Reported missing ten miles south of Soissons, after the drive. Unofficial report wounded, and died on field. Again unofficially reported all right and participating in Argonne drive early in October.

Description: Light hair, complexion light, blue eyes; height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight 175 pounds. Anyone who can give any information should write his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Snook, Pretty Rock, North Dakota.

Missing: Private George La Rochelle, serial No. 294346, D Company, Ninth Infantry, reported wounded July 18, 1918.

No word of the fate of this soldier has ever been received, aside from that he was wounded on the first day of the Soissons drive. He was a company runner. Anyone who has information as to whether he was sent to a hospital should write his mother, Mrs. Merelise La Rochelle, 24 Milton Street, Lawrence, Massachusetts.

CLARENCE E. SWINHART, formerly of Supply Company, 147th Infantry, is requested to write his brother, R. C. Swinhart, Park City, Utah.

L COMPANY, 16TH INFANTRY—Members or former members of that organization, or anyone else who knew Carle La Fazia overseas, are asked to write Domenico La Fazia, 573 Douglass Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island. Young La Fazia was wounded while serving with L Company and died on November 11. His father writes that he has been able to obtain little official word regarding his son's death and would be pleased to hear from anyone who knew him in France.

HERMAN LUTES, formerly of A Company, 111th Infantry, disappeared from his parent's home at Coal Center, Pa., the first of September. He had been suffering from the effects of gas. He wore civilian clothes and carried his discharge papers. Address information to Wilbur Van Bremen, Coal Center, Pa.

FRED DALY, discharged from the Students' Army Training Corps, at Indianapolis, Indiana, December 9, 1918, should write his mother, Mrs. William Daly, Janesville, Wis. Mrs. Daly would appreciate any information as to the whereabouts of her son.

D COMPANY, SECOND ENGINEERS—A. W. Rabineau, Western Union Telegraph Company, Richmond, Virginia, wants information of his brother, Private John E. Rabineau, Second Engineers, killed at Belleau Wood, June 13, 1918. He writes: "We have information from the Government as to where he is buried, but no particulars whatever concerning his death, the manner in which he was killed, etc. Will someone communicate, who knew this soldier, or can tell me just what the Second Engineers were doing on June 13?"

(Continued on page 31)

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Rangers of the High Seas

(Continued from page 11)

ment, which says of the cutters, "their presence is a blessing to the navigation of all nations."

Tales without number there are, too, of the rescues along the beaches, for not the least important work of this service is done by the land branch. And always through the stories runs the golden thread of the Guards' fearlessness and invariable success against the unleashed wrath of ocean, storm, snow, rain, and the blackness of night. But perhaps as enthralling as any is the adventure of the rescue of the steamer *Louisiana*, a deed which cost the Guard eleven lives.

THE *Louisiana* was on her way in March, 1917, from Tampico, Mexico, to Claymont, Delaware, with a cargo of crude oil, when she went aground on a reef off Ocean City, Maryland. The surf was far too high to permit of any action by the beach guards, and the master of the skipper sent out urgent calls for a cutter's assistance. The *Yamacraw*, passing farther out at sea, picked up the signals and stood in. She had been steaming to the rescue of a British steamer stranded farther northward, and in order to reach her destination at high tide she had left Norfolk without waiting to recall the forty per cent of her men who were on shore liberty. Therefore she was greatly undermanned when she anchored near the *Louisiana* at eight o'clock on the night of March 4. A thick drizzle and violent rain squalls allowed the moon to show only at occasional intervals, and the night was too dark for the cutter's searchlight to illumine the wreck. A consultation of officers on the *Yamacraw* decided that in view of the repeated urgent calls for help from the *Louisiana* it was advisable to launch a boat.

Nine men in the lifeboat rowed over and made fast under the port bow of the wreck. They had barely reached her when a huge wave struck her starboard quarter, rushed over her decks, and fell upon the lifeboat. The backlash of the wave hurled the boat against the side of the stranded steamer, throwing all hands into the sea. At once lighted buoys were dropped from the *Louisiana* and the *Yamacraw* moved in to pick up the men. One seaman, Grady by name, left a buoy to which he was clinging and swam toward the cutter, but his strength gave out and he went down. Thereupon a cook, J. J. Kennedy, went over in a bowline, swam to Grady, and brought him alongside. There he lost his grip, and Grady was carried under the cutter as she rolled. In the dark it was next to impossible to locate him when he came up on the other side, but the searchlight found him near the gangway. Lieutenant Keester, standing in a rope on the sea-ladder, managed to get his hands on Grady and was about to pull him aboard when a big comber swept past and drew him into the water again.

No one would have censured the

cutter's crew had they given up. No one, that is, except themselves. But Grady was still alive. Two men got into a dinghy, which was lowered and kept floating on the end of the painter. This parted in the raging sea, and the boys had to pull over to another light buoy, where they could make out a clinging sailor. Unable to haul him aboard, they lashed him alongside the dinghy and started back to the *Yamacraw*, only to meet a new foe. A powerful current setting inshore swept them into a fish pound, upset the dinghy, and hurled the men into the surf.

A last time the Guard tried to save its men. Four more sailors launched the whale-boat and rowed back and forth over the dark waters searching for the drowning ones. The power of the waves made it impossible for them to return to the *Yamacraw*, and when they had given up hope of finding any of the sailors they were compelled to pull through the surf to the beach. Their boat also was capsized, but they reached shore in safety.

Disabled by her losses, the *Yamacraw* could only stand by the battered wreck till daylight and a lessening sea came to her aid. Then the rescue of the *Louisiana's* crew was safely accomplished, and the cutter steamed back to Norfolk.

The story of it all can be only half-told at best. It is an unending narrative of a life that is crowded with things that only hardy hearts can meet—things that the American Coast Guard has never failed to meet. And its heroes probably will continue to be screened by their own modesty and the silence of the sea.

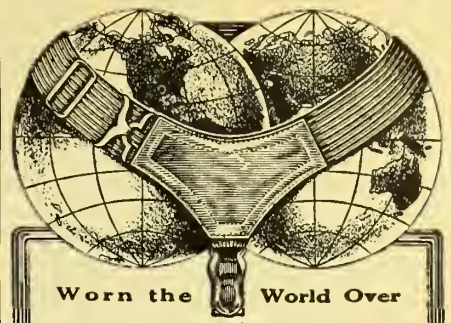
FIND YOUR BUDDY

(Continued from page 30)

CHARLES W. CHILDS, former sergeant, 144th Infantry. Your buddy Pete Richards, Wichita Falls, Texas, wants to return the watch he borrowed last March. He can't do it until he gets your address.

CHARLES GUY TARRANT, former corporal, Headquarters Company, 342d Field Artillery, is asked to write to Herbert L. Guy, 211 North Elizabeth Street, Wichita, Kansas. Guy has written his old buddy at his former address, Springfield, Colorado, but the letters were returned.

HERBERT L. GUY, 211 North Elizabeth Street, Wichita, Kansas, would like to hear from the ward man who waited on him about October 10, 1918, at the Kansas Building, Emergency Hospital, Camp Funston, Kansas. Guy left his Burlington Special watch under his pillow when he was removed to the base hospital at Fort Riley and would like to have it back. Figure of a deer was engraved on back. A fob attached bore the owner's initials.



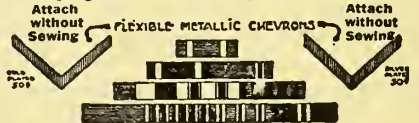
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The Trail of the Rose

(Continued from page 19)

was to Juneau conclusive evidence of Gunn's guilty intent. It signified on the part of the intended victim not only realization of the fact that a stroke was planned but also suspicion of the manner in which the stroke was to be delivered.

"I think it might be a good thing if you'd take a look down there yourself," said the superintendent casually.

"Good thing," agreed Juneau. "I'll call off the night shift tonight and pay the place a visit. Eight o'clock would be a good time, wouldn't it?" His tone betrayed neither guile nor suspicion. The superintendent had difficulty suppressing his eagerness.

"Eight would be all right," he said. "Will you want me to go along?"

"No, that won't be necessary, John," replied Juneau deprecatingly. "That kind of a job is always nasty and you've had enough of it in the past two days. I'll go alone."

He started up the slope toward the bungalow where Katherine, all in white, was standing in the doorway to welcome him. His head was bent, his hands in his pockets, his step slow, his whole manner indicative of lazy content. But his brain was flaming with a rush of problems for instant decision—life and death crises that must receive scant consideration and snap judgment. And his eyes were alert for signs by which he might shape his course.

The road to the bungalow led along the top of the cliff, a dangerous path, winding and poorly made. Here it cut through shrubbery, there lost itself in a maze of granite points. About half-way up the ascent Juneau's masked search discovered the end of a wire in a thicket of scrub pine. He walked on until he had passed a jutting rock which screened him from any observation from the mine buildings, peered back to see if he had been followed, then set out through the brush to investigate. One glance was enough. Down the steep face of the cliff dropped two wires that terminated in the creek at a point where the water broke into frothy turbulence. That turbulence, Juneau knew, marked the fissure in the rock through which the water entered the mine. Near the edge of the precipice he found, well hidden among the weeds and undergrowth, a storage battery, a box, and an alarm clock.

"Same old stuff," observed Juneau to himself without touching the apparatus. "Time bomb with contact worked by winding screw on clock." He smiled grimly. "I hope it works." He resumed his jaunt up the hill, and his booming voice presently began to echo and re-echo among the rocks: "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight."

KATHERINE JUNEAU was troubled. Ben was quick to notice it, but slow to ask for reasons, and she volunteered no information. Had he asked her, she would have had difficulty in explaining her unwonted nervousness and her distaste for supper, as well as her sudden

request that Ben should not make a night trip into the mine.

"I have to go, Honey," he told her with calm firmness. "The safety of the men may depend upon my seeing what's going on down there. I'm just as good a sourdough as I was when I used to shovel musk and twirl a pan, and I'm not worrying about a trip down into a mine."

"It isn't that, Ben," his wife protested half tearfully. "I know you would be able to take care of yourself if you didn't have anything to worry about but the mine itself. Only I feel that no good will come of it. I can't help it."

Ben did not press the matter. Nor did he encourage her.

"I have given my word to be there—and I'll disappoint a man dreadfully if I'm not at the shaft house exactly on the minute." He spoke seriously, and she did not guess the grim humor of his remark. She stood in the doorway watching him as he strode down the path and peered after him when she could no longer distinguish his broad shoulders in the deepening gloom.

Halfway between the bungalow and the shaft house Juneau encountered an ancient of the Sioux nation who awaited his coming in the shadows of an overhanging rock.

"I am here," grunted the Indian.

"So I see," replied Juneau, in no way surprised at the meeting. From his pocket he took two letters and handed them to the ancient with brief instructions. "The blue one to the squaw, the white one to the mine boss. Get me?"

"Getcha," the Indian assured him. Juneau swung on through the pine thicket toward the engine-house, where the throb of the pumps told eloquently of the continuing fight against the floods in the gallery below.

THE zest of battle came upon Ben Juneau when he heard the pounding of the machinery. In a way it seemed to echo the tumult in his own heart. The engines, too, were tirelessly at work to overcome the intruder. He was cold-blooded about the thing he had set out to do—as feelingless as the stamps in the upper works which tore the gold from the clutch of the rock.

It was a tremendous game he played—a game in which he matched his wits, yes, his life, against another man's, knowing full well that his opponent played a close hand skilfully, counting upon the chance of the same forfeit and hoping for the same stakes. If he slipped up, he would be murdered. He was certain of that fact, if not of the manner of its accomplishment. But that was a small matter. He understood his opponent thoroughly and did not intend to slip.

In a very few minutes his wife would receive, through the agency of the Indian, a letter purporting to be from Gunn, arranging for a rendezvous in the mine. Juneau wasted no scruples on the deceit. If she ignored the message, she would come to no harm. If she obeyed

its summons, she thereby would act as her own judge and executioner.

At the same time a letter to Gunn was on its way signed with Katherine Juneau's name and requesting the superintendent to meet her upon a knoll back of the main hoist. No ethical consideration was a factor in this part of the situation. Gunn would be deterred by no qualms of conscience. If he believed the letter written by Mrs. Juneau, he would do as it asked. And once on the knoll he would be sufficiently far removed from the shaft house to prevent his meeting Katherine should she seek to enter the mine. His acceptance of the letter's authenticity would depend to a large extent upon his previous acquaintance with Mrs. Juneau's handwriting. That was the chance which Juneau had to take. The mine owner pondered on it briefly as he neared the stamp mill and shrugged his great shoulders. He felt that the stakes were worth the hazard.

The day shift was well out of the mine by the time he arrived at the shed which housed the top of the shaft. The elevator operator stood at his levers beside the great unprotected cable drum and watched the tons of steel cable winding up on the spool as the little cage shot like a rocket out of the erebus below. Half a dozen men, clammy, daubed with streaks of colorful paste from the rock dusts that follow a blast, and shivering from the eternal chill of the stopes, stepped hurriedly across the concrete floor and started down the hill. Juneau looked at his watch. It was five minutes to eight.

He glanced about for a sign of John Gunn. He knew that somewhere within hailing distance the superintendent lurked in preparation for the finale. But he was not in sight. Juneau walked over to the edge of the shaft.

"HOW'S the water running?" he inquired, knowing that the man would be fully conversant with the latest reports from the gnomes of the day shift.

"Neck an' neck, Mr. Juneau," answered the operator. "It ain't dangerous yet, though."

"I'm going down to take a look at it," said Juneau. "Stick here until I come up again." The announcement brought no comment from the elevator man. It was Juneau's personal touch in the mine which insured its continued freedom from labor troubles.

Ben went into the little box office where, during active operations, a checker tallied the ore cars as they came up out of the mine, and donned a slicker, oil-skin hat and rubber boots. He added an electric lantern to the equipment and stepped on to the elevator platform. A minute later the twilight of the surface was a square hardly larger than a man's hand above him, and he was falling at a sickening speed.

He was thinking rapidly as he neared the four-hundred-foot level. His movements in the mine had to be well timed. It was here the crisis lay. He must

determine by guess the actions of a man who based his course upon a similar guess. And the best guesser would win.

Gunn, he reasoned, would not set off the blast the moment Juneau set foot in the stope. Being a miner and acquainted with the plan of the mine, Gunn would know just how many minutes would be required to reach the dangerous area and how many more minutes an inspector would be likely to stay there. Juneau respected instinctively an axiom that may be found in the tactical books of all nations: "Always presume that the enemy will act with intelligence."

"With Gunn down here and me up there," he told himself, "I'd shoot the works along about twenty-seven and a half minutes after eight. Allowing four minutes leeway for the alarm-clock on his bomb and another four minutes difference for his guess on how long it will take me to move around here, I've got about nineteen minutes margin."

Mechanically he picked his way among the obstructions of the gallery, stepping surely and quickly through water that sometimes rose over his knees, and glancing only casually at the little white springs that every few feet sprayed through the porphyry. He came presently to a hole in the wall that appeared like a narrow crack above the surface of the water. The recent map of the mine hanging over the superintendent's desk in the office did not show a hole at this point, and it was on the probability that the fissure had escaped the eye of the new superintendent that Juneau based his whole plan of action.

That hole was the end of a transversal shaft which ran with a gradient up which a man might walk without difficulty to a point in the open air not far from the engine-room. Modern hoist equipment and the development of a new lead had caused its abandonment, but always Juneau had kept it in repair for the double purpose of ventilation and possible use as an emergency exit.

JUNEAU shivered as he stooped to pass under the rock archway and the water touched his face. This spot, although the superintendent might not have guessed it from casual observation, was nearest the main fissure, and hence the most dangerous of all the threatened points in the stope. The water was icy cold—fresh from a mountain stream and on the verge of congealing after a passage of several hundred feet over stone. The deadly chill clutched his heart and he could scarcely breathe. Hardly more than enough room for him to keep his nose above the surface was left between the tide and the roof of the tunnel. After the first immersion he was not sure that he could struggle the ten feet that remained between the stope and the old shaft. There was a current against him—a current and the protest of his own heart. And then suddenly he recalled the purpose which had brought him to the mine. His determination returned. All this was as had been foreordained. He was experiencing in part the fate that Gunn had mapped out for him, and it made the prospect of revenge the sweeter.

He pressed on and emerged presently,

numb and shivering, in the sloping shaft that led to the surface. He still had several minutes to spare, and he stood for a moment in the water with his ear to the wall.

All was silent save for the trickling of the springs through the crack. The pumps in the passage beyond had ceased to work.

JOHN GUNN, seated on a ledge of porphyry, heard the tumult of voices in the engine-room and smiled. The twilight quiet of the mountains was on the canyon, no longer disturbed by the asthmatic wheezing of pumps and the jangling of winch drums. The voices, thin shreds of sound in the vast silence, seemed weak and ineffectual—protests against what was fated. The men who spoke were his creatures, unwittingly doing his unspoken bidding. He was master.

He looked up in the midst of his reverie to find his victim bending over him.

Juneau, blue with the chilling he had received in the mine, and dripping water from every fold of his clothes, looked at him appraisingly with passionless eyes, as if unaware of any reasons why their relations should not go on as before. But in his very apathy Gunn read a warning of doom. It was unnatural that he should not know of the attempt upon his life. And the strength he displayed in refusing to recognize the obvious made the superintendent feel suddenly clammy and sick.

His reappearance in itself Gunn took without concern. He had underestimated the strength of his foe. He had been tricked somehow. Juneau's presence on top of ground when he should have been four hundred feet below was not nearly so uncanny as the cold menace in his eyes.

"I am looking for Mrs. Juneau," announced the dripping specter.

"I haven't seen her," promptly denied Gunn.

"I understand she started toward the mine to find me," Juneau persisted. "She must have gone down into the diggings."

"I've been watching the shaft house and didn't see her," declared Gunn, wishing instantly that his tongue had been torn out before he had felt the impulse to make such an admission. Juneau showed no sign of having noticed the import of the remark.

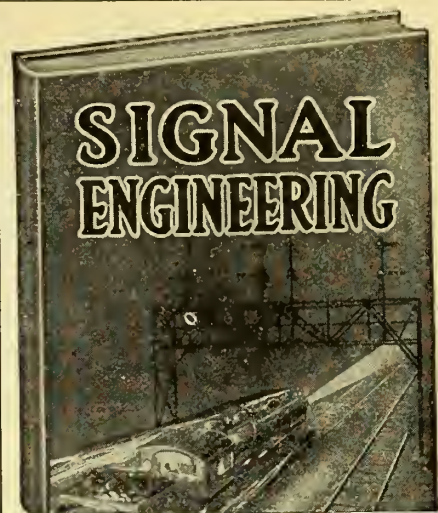
"We'd better go see," he replied in a tone that was quiet but invited no argument. "Conditions are pretty bad down there."

Gunn shivered. This, he realized, was the beginning of the last act. He arose with an obvious effort and squared his shoulders.

"I'll go get my slicker," he said, and started toward the office.

THE undoing of Gunn's mind began, broadly speaking, from the moment he slipped the oilskin coat over his hulking back. He transferred something, like a white cloth, from a side pocket to a protected inner breast pocket. Then suddenly he grew faint.

(Continued on page 34)



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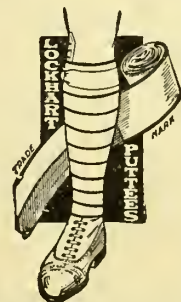
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THE TRAIL OF THE ROSE

(Continued from page 33)

The odor of roses filled the room . . . roses in full bloom . . . the perfume of Katherine Juneau. Involuntarily he glanced around, half expecting to see her standing beside him. He felt her presence—a weird phantom that he could neither explain nor elude.

He rushed nervously from the office to the shaft house, where he found Ben Juneau bending over a wreckage of gears. A long bolt from some abandoned separating machinery, which could not possibly have strayed thus far by accident, was in the winch.

Here, too, Gunn caught the breath of roses. Here, too, was the aura of Katherine Juneau. The next second the mine-owner also noticed the scent, and his face changed expression for the first time since he had come back from the mine. A brief flash of hate threw hard shadows about the corners of his mouth and was gone again.

"She's in the mine," he stated, speaking with obvious conviction. "We can't get to her this way. Somebody's wrecked the machinery."

Gunn went white. The smell of roses was nauseating him and he could not rid himself of the feeling that the woman was at his elbow.

"Might get her by climbing down the side ladders," he suggested, in a tone that showed he was not fully aware of what he offered to undertake.

"There's an easier way," snapped Juneau. "Old shaft. Come; we haven't much time. Water's getting up."

They raced along the edge of the cliff to the spot where Juneau had emerged only a few minutes before and peered into the depths whence came a faint echo of rushing water. And once more the fragrance of the roses enveloped Gunn. Once more he pictured the woman he had coveted. And the last of his powers of resistance deserted him.

"She's down there," he heard the stern voice of Juneau. "There's a trail of her damned roses from the main hoist to here. You can go after her or I'll break your neck."

He handed Gunn the electric lamp, and Gunn, without further argument, plunged into the gloom of the shaft. Always the trail of the roses was ahead of him, all pervasive, intangible, mysterious. He realized dimly that he was going to his death—a death which he had prepared for another. But somehow he did not care. Upon the woman he had built his hopes. With her gone he had nothing to gain in Juneau's death or his own life. He stumbled onward, heedless of danger.

There came presently a pool of water waist deep, surging and bubbling through a fissure in the wall. The entrance to the stope was all but closed. Here, in the confined space, he smelled the roses more strongly. The inexplicable urge which had driven him thus far suddenly vanished. He looked at the water in growing panic and his brain began to clear. Just beyond that leaking wall his own hand had placed a box of death. His pounding heart seemed to be echoing the tick of the alarm-clock, telling off the

seconds between life and destruction. It was nearly time.

He reached into the inner breast pocket of his oilskin coat for his watch. With it he drew out a handkerchief—a woman's handkerchief with a red border. From it came the scent of attar of roses like a cloud—a little thing to mark as it did a crisis in three lives. And now with the scent came sudden comprehension, mocking, menacing, paralyzing.

He saw the end of the trail of the rose. He remembered its beginning the day he paid his first visit to the Juneau home in quest of Ben and took away with him the bit of cambric he found on the floor where Katherine had dropped it. He remembered the further blazing of the trail the day the wind had carried the handkerchief into the vision of a suspicious husband. And how, lured onward by the odor of its forgotten presence in his breast pocket, he had reached the trail's end.

He turned to flee. But something seemed to burst in his head.

There was a rumbling almost too great for human ears to sense; the roof yawned and the rock wall gaped. An icy flood surged about him.

AT NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

(Continued from page 29)

will provide more drastic penalties than are now contemplated for alien slackers who surrendered their first citizenship papers to avoid military service. The committee will recommend that these individuals be denied citizenship permanently and that their names be posted publicly in their communities if it is found impracticable to deport them.

The Lenroot-Fess bill, providing for all veterans of the great war extensive educational facilities at government expense, will not be acted upon by Congress until after the Minneapolis convention. The National Executive Committee has been informed that practically all soldier beneficiary legislation will await the action of The American Legion at its first annual convention.

For the information and guidance of the convention Captain J. B. W. Gardiner, formerly instructor in military law at the United States Military Academy, West Point, will be invited to address a committee of the convention on the question of courts-martial.

On October 15, the number of American Legion posts actually chartered by national headquarters was 4,565, and 1,011 other posts were organizing and awaiting charters. At that time it was conservatively estimated that the membership in the Legion was at least 750,000, and no doubt was entertained that it would pass the million mark when the convention assembles on November 10.

The War Board of Meriden, Connecticut, has voted that a surplus of \$10,000 in its possession be used for the relief of soldiers, sailors and marines. On the board of trustees selected to administer the funds is the presiding officer of The American Legion of Meriden.

If you had been on the Arizona

HERE she comes, homeward bound, with "a bone in her teeth," and a record for looking into many strange ports in six short months.

If you had been one of her proud sailors you would have left New York City in January, been at Guantanamo, Cuba, in February, gone ashore at Port of Spain, Trinidad, in March and stopped at Brest, France, in April to bring the President home. In May the Arizona swung at her anchor in the harbor of Smyrna, Turkey. In June she rested under the shadow of Gibraltar and in July she was back in New York harbor.

Her crew boasts that no millionaire tourist ever globe-trotted like this. There was one period of four weeks in which the crew saw the coasts of North America, South America, Europe, Asia and Africa.

An enlistment in the navy

gives you a chance at the education of travel. Your mind is quickened by contact with new people, new places, new ways of doing things.

Pay begins the day you join. On board ship a man is always learning. There is work to be done and he is taught to do it well. Trade schools develop skill, industry and business ability. Work and play are planned by experts. Thirty days furlough each year with full pay. The food is fine. A full outfit of clothing is provided free. Promotion is unlimited for men of brains. You can enlist for two years and come out broader, stronger, abler. "The Navy made a man of me" is an expression often heard.

Apply at any recruiting station if you are over 17. There you will get full information. If you can't find the recruiting station, ask your Postmaster. He knows.



Shove off! Join the U. S. Navy



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